THE HISTORY OF JOB: A Sacred Poem.

In Five BOOKS.

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St. JAM. V. 11.

Ye have heard of the Patience of JOB, *and have seen the End of the* LORD: *that the* LORD *is very pitiful, and of tender Mercy.*

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THE HISTORY OF PREFACE.

IT has my pleas'd Almighty GOD to assist me (as He did his Servant Job) with great Losses, and other Occasions of Sorrow, I resolv'd to [illegible] Hey Men my Patterns, and since my Case [illegible] His, to imitate [illegible] could, to [illegible] Steps, in Patience, Constancy, [illegible] In order to [illegible] Self to a serious Perusal of his wonderful [illegible] at that time [illegible] In which [illegible] Fore and Comfort that, Thanks be to GOD, I did in some good Measure [illegible] and retain'd an even [illegible] and Temper of Mind, [illegible] my Troubles. And so clear'd was I, and ravish'd with the Weight of the Argument, that SR. JAMES [illegible] the Apostles, Scripture and Beauty of the Fifteen, and other [illegible] the End of the LORD, [illegible] Pitiful, and of tender [illegible] which is [illegible] to the Reader.

I am [illegible] Richard Blackmore has [illegible] this Argument [illegible] on every [illegible] Printed for [illegible] Sold [illegible]

A

THE PREFACE.

IT having pleas'd Almighty GOD *to afflict me (as He did his Servant* Job*) with great Losses, and other Occasions of Sorrow, I resolv'd to make that Holy Man my Pattern; and since my Case resembled His, to imitate, and, as near as I could, to follow his Steps, in Patience, Constancy, Faith, and Submission to the Will of* GOD. *In order to which, I set my self to a serious Perusal of his wonderful History, without any Thoughts at that time of making this Attempt upon it: In which I found so many Grounds of Satisfaction, Hope, and Comfort, that, Thanks be to* GOD, *I did in some good Measure surmount all Temptations, and retain'd an even and resign'd Temper, in the midst of all my Troubles. And so pleas'd was I, and ravish'd with the Weight of the Argument, the Majesty of the Style, the Aptness, Strength, and Beauty of the Figures, and other incidental Ornaments, that I thought it a most proper Subject for a Christian Poem, and could not forbear this little Work, which is here presented to the Reader.*

I am sensible that Sir Richard Blackmore *has adorn'd this Argument with a noble Paraphrase on every Chapter: But this I can truly affirm, that I did not see his Work till mine was finished; nor hear of it, till I had*

compleated Four Books, and enter'd on the Fifth. Wherefore I hope I ſhall obtain his Pardon, ſince I did not begin it out of a vain Ambition to contend with Him, or any other Perſon; and my Deſign is the ſame with that learned Author, viz. To redeem this Divine and Heaven-born Art from the vile Servitude of Lewdneſs and Vanity, and to reſtore it to its proper Uſe and firſt Inſtitution, which is to ſerve Religion, and to promote true Wiſdom, Virtue, and Honour in the World. For this Book of Job *(accounted by many Learned Men the moſt ancient Part of Holy Scripture) will appear to an attentive Reader, to be a well-furniſh'd Magazine of Comfort and Inſtruction. It gives us ſo clear an Account of the Wiſdom, Power, Truth, Purity, and Goodneſs of Almighty* GOD, *as may well engage all Men both to Fear and Love Him, and fully ſatisfy their Doubts, and make them not only patient, but contented, eaſy and cheerful in all Conditions.*

My Hero, I confeſs, is no Man of Action, but a very ſuffering Perſon; and upon that Account may be thought no proper Subject for a Work of this Nature, as not being conformable to the Scheme of Homer *and* Virgil, *from whoſe Model our modern Criticks have borrowed all their Laws and Rules of Poetry. But I think it ought to be conſider'd, that the Caſe is much alter'd ſince the Days of thoſe two famous Writers. In the old Heathen World thoſe gentle Paſſive Virtues, which the Chriſtian Religion recommends to our Eſteem and Practice, were hardly known, or, if known, deſpiſed and ſlighted, ſo that their Poets lay under a Neceſſity of chooſing ſome bold, active, fighting Man for their Hero, whoſe great Atchievements in the Field might inſpire the*

Reader

Reader with high, ambitious Thoughts, Desire of Conqueſt, and a Thirſt of Glory, which were alwayes the only Virtues than in Vogue and Credit: But 'tis not ſo with us, whoſe Happineſs it is to live under the Chriſtian Inſtitution. We have learnt that Humility, Patience, Self-denial, and Reſignation to the Divine Providence, are Virtues of the Firſt Rank, and which in this uncertain Life we have frequent Occaſion to exerciſe, and that they which acquit themſelves well in ſuch a State are very dear to GOD, *and highly honour'd by Him. In the New Teſtament, tho' defenſive Wars are allow'd, it being a juſt and neceſſary thing to repel an Invader, and to aſſert the Liberty and Rights of a Nation, yet we find not the leaſt Encouragement given to the People that delight in War, and fill the World with Slaughter and Confuſion, only to get a Name to be famous in Hiſtory. In the Goſpel we are taught, that not the Man of Blood, nor the mighty Conqueror, but the* Poor in Spirit, *the* Meek, *the* Mourners, *the* Peace-makers, *and* they that ſuffer for Righteouſneſs Sake, *are Happy, and of great Reputation in the Sight of* GOD, *the moſt proper Judge of what is* Great *and* Admirable. *And our Saviour himſelf, the Captain of our Salvation, was made perfect through Sufferings, to which he was pleas'd to ſubmit, not only to ſatisfy* GOD's *Juſtice for our Sins, but alſo (as St.* Peter *ſays) to ſet us an* Example, *that we ſhould follow his Steps.* Mat. 5. 3, &c. 1 Pet. 2. 21.

As to the Management of my Deſign, I ſhall ſay but little, leaving the Reader to his own Freedom of judging as he pleaſes. I confeſs, I have made uſe of more

Machines,

Machines, than are found in the Original, but I hope without offending against the Rules either of Faith or Probability. For that JOB's Wife was instigated by the Devil to provoke her Husband to Despair and Blasphemy, is affirmed by St. Basil, (Tom. 1. Homil. 23.) And that his Friends, though Wise and Good Men, had their Spirits embitter'd against him, by the secret Suggestions of the same envious Spirit, who left no Means untry'd to disturb the Patience, and ruin the Constancy of that Good Man, whose Virtue and Prosperity were a grievous Eye-sore to him: And finally, that Almighty GOD by Fire from Heaven, or some other visible Token, shewed his Acceptance of JOB's Sacrifice, and gave him a present Assurance of his returning Health and Happiness, seems highly probable from divers Instances of the like Nature, noted in the Margent, and is fairly consistent with that Account which the Sacred Scriptures give of the Matter. And since I did not intend a Translation of the whole Book, but only a general View of JOB's Religion, Prosperity, Temptations, Sufferings, and Restitution, I thought it sufficient, after I had laid down the true State of the Controversy between Him and his Friends, in making each of them speak once, with JOB's Answer in his Turn to each of their Discourses, briefly to intimate, that the Dispute continued much longer, and that the Argument was bandied to and fro, and agitated with some Heat between them, to his greater Vexation; till at last, JOB, having put them all to Silence, concluded the Debate with a most eloquent Description of his former Prosperity, a Pathetick Complaint of his present Sufferings, and a magnificent, but

Exod. 9. 24
1 King. 18. 38.
1 Chron. 21. 26.
2 Chron. 7. 1.

just

just and holy Oſtentation, of his Innocence and upright Dealing in the Virtues both of his Publick Office, and Private Converſation; in both which he had been cauſeleſly traduced by his uncharitable Comforters. And ſince the Scriptures give but a very ſhort Account of Job's *three Friends, and* Elihu, *who, tho' but young, ſeems to ſurpaſs the Former in Judgment and Temper; and ſince all that other Authors ſay of them is but their own Conjecture, I thought my ſelf at Liberty to gueſs alſo, and to give them ſuch Characters, as ſeem'd moſt proper to adorn and beautify my Poem.*

I ſhall only add, That the Life of this Illuſtrious Perſon, and the ſurprizing Turns in his Condition, are the more worthy of Remark, becauſe they contribute ſo clearly to the Vindication of GOD's *ſingular Wiſdom and Providence, and to the Peace and Comfort of his diſtreſſed Servants, as being a noble Inſtance to confirm the Truth of King* David's *Obſervation, that our* Times are in the Hands of GOD, *and that* Many are the Afflictions of the Righteous, but the LORD delivereth him out of all. *Pſal.* 31. 15. 34 19.

THE

THE
History of Job:
A Sacred POEM.

The First BOOK.

YOU that at ev'ry trifling Crosſ repine,
And tax the Ways of Providence Divine;
You that to ev'ry ſoft Temptation yield,
And leave your Captain in the doubtful Field;
Weak Souls, unable to reſiſt the Charms
Of the fond World, or ſtand her rude Alarms;
Whom Wealth and Want do equally deſtroy,
By ev'ry Grief undone, and ev'ry Joy:
Come, and behold a valiant *Hero*, whom
Nor Fortune's Smiles, nor Frowns could overcome.

'Gainſt whom the Infernal Pow'rs in vain conſpir'd,
Who all their Wit, and all their Malice tir'd.
Who their united Force did ſingly bear,
And made them all forſake th' unequal War.
Devout and humble, when with Plenty bleſt,
Erect and Chearful, when with Want oppreſt.
He neither, being Full, deny'd his * *GOD*,
Nor baſely curs'd Him, when beneath the Rod.
He thankfully receiv'd what Heav'n beſtow'd,
And own'd the Fountain whence his Bleſſings flow'd:
And, when bereav'd of all, ſubmitted ſtill
His own, tho' croſs'd, to the High Sovereign's Will;
And in his deepeſt Griefs confeſt, that Heav'n
Might juſtly take what it before had giv'n.

O *GOD*, Thou great Exemplar of all Good,
Who haſt redeem'd us by thy precious Blood,
Thy Death, a Martyrdom and Sacrifice
Seal'd thy Eternal Truth, and paid the Price
Of our Inheritance in the Realms above,
The joyful Realms of Poetry and Love.
Thy Sacred Spirit did this thy Champion crown,
With wond'rous Grace, and Patience next Thine own.

* *Prov.* 30. 9.

Thou

Thou led'ſt him on with Courage to the War,
And brought'ſt him off more than a Conquerour.
O fill thy Servant's Breaſt with Heat Divine,
That I may ſound thy Praiſe, and ev'ry Line
May Virtue teach, and bring Men to conclude
That Piety true Wiſdom is, and Patience Fortitude.

In *Idumea's* fair and fruitful Land,
There dwelt a Prince, on whom the lib'ral Hand
Of Heav'n its Bleſſings had profuſely thrown:
So Great, ſo Good in all the Eaſt was none.
Alike for Wealth and Piety renown'd,
With Peace encompaſs'd, and with Glory crown'd.
Religious was his Mind, and bright his Fame;
His Name was Job, illuſtrious Job, a Name
By Angels lov'd, by good Men gladly heard,
And ev'n the Bad its awful Sound rever'd.

Sev'n thouſand Sheep he kept upon his Ground,
For Fleece and Lamb the like not to be found.
Three thouſand Camels in his Paſtures feed,
Beſides five hundred Aſſes kept for breed.
His Houſe a Swarm of luſty Slaves contain'd,
And twice five hundred Oxen till'd his Land,

Unmeasur'd Heaps of Grain his Chambers load,
And some he sold, and freely some bestow'd.
Great were his Gains, and his strong Chests did hold
Store of rich Garments, and large Sums of Gold.

To heir this vast Estate, the Hand of Heav'n
Sev'n Sons, a Troop of goodly Youths, had giv'n.
With them, three Daughters, blest *Arabia*'s Pride,
So Rich, so Fair, so Vertuous none beside.
When from their Father's to their Brother's Tent,
Attended with a noble Train, they went,
The young *Arabian* Lords about them swarm'd,
Their Beauty much, but more their Fortune charm'd.

Yet could not all this mighty Wealth divert
His Mind from *GOD*: He still possest his Heart.
Religion was the Wheel his Soul did move,
And Heav'n the only Object of his Love.
Vice he abhorr'd, nor would commit a Sin,
The World, and all its shining Pomp to win.
The Fear of God, and Virtue's noble Fire
With such brave Resolutions did inspire
His Breast, and ev'ry Corner of it fill,
They left no Room for any thing that's ill.

The

The Work of Pray'r he never would omit,
Consid'ring well that Humane Strength and Wit
Without th'Almighty's Aid will nought avail;
But, lean'd upon, the weak Supporters fail.
His precious Time he wisely did Divide,
To Business part, and part to Sleep apply'd;
Some to his Friends, and some to GOD he gave,
Who still, whatever fail'd, was sure to have
His Portion: For the *Saint* in all Affairs
Less trusted to his Wisdom, than his Pray'rs.

And when his Sons and Daughters held a Feast,
(Such was the Custom of the jocund East)
Indulging Wine, and Musick's soft Delights,
A thing that oft to Sinful Mirth invites,
Good Job (Paternal Care so fill'd his Breast,
It suffer'd him to take no longer Rest)
Up with the Sun arose, and Pray'rs made,
And whole-burnt Offerings on GOD's Altar laid;
Imploring Sov'reign Mercy to remit
The Sins and Follies of their youthful Heat.

Thus piously the *Hero* spent his Days,
And his chief Business was his Maker's Praise.

Next

Next that, the Welfare of Mankind he ſought,
And wond'rous things with Zeal & Courage wrought.
Impartial Juſtice on the Bench he dealt,
And none his Wrath, but harden'd Sinners, felt.
He ſpar'd no Coſt nor Labour in Defence
Of helpleſs Right, and injur'd Innocence.
How many Widows, ſnatch'd from out the Jaws
Of proud Oppreſſors, gave him loud Applauſe?
How many Orphans, reſcu'd, when beguil'd
By unjuſt Guardians, him their Father ſtyl'd?
So fit for Bus'neſs his capacious Mind
Appear'd, to worthy Deeds ſo much inclin'd,
That all around he Plenty ſow'd, and Peace;
And reap'd of Thanks and Praiſe a large Increaſe.

Long time he flouriſh'd thus, until at laſt
The Prince of Hell as thro' the World he paſs'd
To ſeek his Prey, his Eyes upon him caſt.
Envy and Malice ſwell'd his painful Breaſt,
And dire Revenge his lab'ring Thoughts poſſeſt.

What! Shall I ſuffer this? Shall I (ſays he)
Endure a Man made Rich, and not by Me?

The Realms above let my proud Foe poſſeſs,
And draw on Fools with Dreams of future Bliſs:
The preſent World is mine. 'Tis I that pay
My faithful Votaries without Delay;
Nor put them off, like him, t' along uncertain Day.
If Gold, my Gift, ſhall be by Him beſtow'd,
All Men will leave my Service, and be Good.
My Altars will grow cold, my Sov'reign Pow'r
Contemn'd, and Satan few or none adore.
But I'll prevent it; Job, thou ſoon ſhalt ſee
Thy luckleſs Choice, in ſerving Him, not me.

This ſaid, his fi'ry Eyes about he threw,
And from his vengeful Mouth vain Curſes flew.
But that was all: He durſt not nearer preſs,
Nor touch the *Saint*, whom Heav'n's high Hand did bleſs.
Strong Providence, and *GOD*'s reſiſtleſs Arm
(A ſure Protection) kept him ſafe from Harm.
Angelick Guards themſelves around him plac'd,
And faithful Pray'rs far off the Tyrant chas'd.

And as a Wolf, with Hunger pinch'd, beholds
The Flocks ſecurely reſting in their Folds,

Around

Around he walks, and ſtrives now here, now there
To ruſh upon them, but his ſlaviſh Fear
Still keeps him back: The Shepherd's watchful Eye
Secures his Charge, and puts the Danger by.
Away at laſt he ſneaks. Grief frets him more
Thus to be baulk'd, than Hunger did before.
So Satan rag'd, and in his troubled Thought
Mixt Fear and Fury ſtrange Convulſions wrought.

Then thus to himſelf, O my accurſed Fate!
Muſt I behold him proſper, whom I hate?
His partial Friend, my rival Foe, could call
Th' impriſon'd Maſs of * Waters up, and all
The airy Stores diſſolve, and Vengeance take
On a whole World, that his hard Laws did break.
And, when provok'd, in his fantaſtick Ire
Could drown five Cities in a Flood of † Fire.
But I, who thought my ſelf as great as He
E'rewhile, contending for the Sov'reignty,
Am now grown weak, and (Oh!) ſo much a Slave,
I can't deſtroy one Man, without his Leave.
Well then, for once, I'll force my ſelf to own
His Pow'r, and humbly to approach his Throne,

* *Gen.* 7. 11, 12. † *Gen.* 19. 24.

And

And by wiſe Slanders urge him to remand
Th' Angelick Troops that thick about him ſtand.
Then if his Innocence he ſtill retain,
Or Fortune faithful to him yet remain,
Let me my Kingdom loſe on Earth, and dwell
Confin'd for ever to the deepeſt Hell.
Thus ſpake the Fiend:
Nor waited long, before his reſtleſs Mind
A fitting Opportunity did find,
For the black *Plot* his Malice had deſign'd.

A Council now th' Almighty calls, and all
The Sons of *GOD* obey their Father's Call.
Millions of Angels ſtand around the Throne,
Which with exceſſive Light, and profuſe Glory ſhone.
The Sun, whoſe Beams intolerably bright
Surprize and over-whelm our tim'rous Sight,
Meer Darkneſs is, compar'd to that Orig'nal Light.

But hold, my Muſe, thy trembling Pen ſubmit:
This Subject far tranſcends thy mortal Wit.
Had'ſt thou a thouſand Tongues, and all inſpir'd
With that † myſterious Flame, whoſe Virtue fir'd

† *Acts* 2. 3.

The Choſen Twelve, on *Pentecoſt*'s high Feaſt,
This glorious Scene could never be expreſt.
Much ſooner may'ſt thou in thy hollow Hand
Contain the Sea, and number all the Sand,
Than once deſcribe what Angels ſtill adore
With Faces vail'd, and feel for evermore
Freſh Tranſports, and new Objects find t'employ
Their raviſh'd Souls to all Eternity.

Amidſt the Crowds, that fill'd the ſacred Place,
Th' Arch-Rebel comes. How durſt he ſhew his Face
In thoſe bleſt Courts, from which long ſince he fell?
How came he thither, unobſerv'd, from Hell?
His own black Form the Fiend puts off awhile,
And borrows one, the better to beguile
The Guards, that kept the Gates of Heav'n, and come,
As one returning from a Journey, home.
All like a Seraph dreſt, his Looks ſo bright,
So well diſguis'd in Robes of pilfer'd Light,
Well might he cheat the ſharpeſt Angel's Sight,
But not th' Almighty's Eye.
He ſoon eſpy'd him, 'midſt the Throng, and found
The Foe had ventur'd on forbidden Ground.

And thus begins: Audacious Satan, how
Brok'ſt thou in hither, and whence com'ſt thou now?
He boldly anſwer'd, I have rambling been
Around the Earth, and got in here unſeen.
The Earth is free; and ſure (tho' baniſh'd hence)
There I may take my Walks without Offence.

In all thy Travels (then th' Almighty ſaid)
Haſt thou my faithful Servant Job ſurvey'd?
In all the World haſt thou his Equal found
For Grace, and Piety ſo much renown'd?

Yes, I obſerv'd him (Satan makes reply)
But don't at all admire his Piety.
Well may he paſs for Righteous, and be ſtill
Thought good, who ne'er was tempted to be ill.
Him above all Men living thou haſt bleſt,
And with thy Service joyn'd his Intereſt.
His Subſtance thrives, and thou haſt fenc'd him round,
With Peace and Safety, and his Temples crown'd
With growing Fame. No wonder then that he
So highly ſeems to love and honour Thee.
But now put forth thine Hand, and from him take
What Thou haſt given: Call thy Bleſſings back.

Do this, and satisfy'd thou soon wilt be
'Tis all Pretence, and meer Hypocrisy.
He'l soon rebel, and, destitute of Grace,
Revile and Curse Thee to thy very Face.

False Wretch, (th' Almighty then in Anger spoke)
Does Wealth, or Want, to greater Ills provoke?
Ambition, Sloth, Rebellion, Luxury,
(Black Crimes from which my Servant Job is free)
Are the too nat'ral Fruits of Plenty, where
The Sov'reign Sway Religion does not bear.
Yet to convince thee, Lo! I now recall
My high Protection from his House, and all
The Sacred Guards around him I disband,
Disarm'd and naked, Lo! into thy Hand
I give him up. But this I charge thee, be
His Person safe, and from thy Malice free.

This Licence granted, straight the Fiend withdrew
From the bright Throne, and down to Earth he flew.
The Wretch, since *Adam*'s Ruin, never had
A Face so chearful, nor a Heart so glad.
Of certain Victory he made no doubt,
Too soon triumphing, e'er the Battel fought.

Forthwith four Spirits he conjures up, and they
Their Master's Call with readiness obey:
Four finish'd Devils, admir'd for Strength and Wit,
Alike for Counsel and for Action fit,
Great Masters both in Camp and Cabinet.
Whate'er was forging, these were in the Club;
Their Names, *Abaddon*, *Belial*, *Beelzebub*,
Moloch the fourth. All Lords of high Renown,
The main Supports of his Infernal Throne.
When for the Sov'reign Place in Heav'n he fought,
Advice and Aid from These he always sought.
And, when defeated, down with him they fell,
That Post of Honour still they kept in Hell.
All weighty Matters, and Intrigues of State
With them he thought it Wisdom to debate.
When War and Desolation was design'd,
More proper for that Work he none could find;
None readier to obey his barb'rous Will:
Their Hands, as well as Heads, were made for Ill.

High on his Throne the gloomy Tyrant sate,
And thus begins, while they attentive wait.

My

My Faithful Friends and Partners in the Fame
Of those great Actions, which have rais'd our Name
Already far above the Skies, attend
While one high Labour more I recommend.
A Man I hate here in *Arabia* lives,
Who both by Counsel and Example strives
To draw Men from our Service, to obey
Our mighty Foe, 'gainst whom we did display
Our warlike Banners once, and almost won the Day.
This Man the Tyrant favours, being one
Who for his Altars mighty Zeal has shown.
And, blinded by his thriving, happy Fate,
Him all begin t' admire and imitate.
If this be suffer'd, all Men will forsake
Our Party, and with Heav'n new Friendship make:
Our Int'rest will decline, and we be driv'n
E'erlong from off the Earth, as now from Heav'n.
Go forth, your utmost Skill and Malice show,
And make him curse the Hand, he blesses now.
Set on *Sabean* Thieves, and next command
The fierce *Chaldean* Troops t'invade the Land.
Call Fire from Heav'n, and burn his Substance up,
And make his Servants tast Death's bitter Cup.

Wild

Wild Whirlwinds muſter, lay his Houſes low,
And let his Children fall by one effectual Blow.

He ſpoke. His Words they ponder'd in their Breaſt,
Till *Moloch* bow'd, and anſwer'd for the reſt.

Your Part, great Monarch, is Commands to lay,
And Ours, with all Submiſſion to obey.
Tho' Heav'n we loſt, yet by your Pow'r we gain
New Empires here, and o'er fall'n Mankind reign.
Here we as *GODS* are worſhip'd, and enjoy
Honours Divine, and due to the Moſt-High.
Temples and Prieſts are for our Service made,
And fat Burnt-Off'rings on our Altars laid.
To your ſtrong Arms, and matchleſs Policy
We're all oblig'd, but none ſo much as I,
To whom the nobleſt Province you have given,
And almoſt equal to the Joys of Heav'n,
To be with humane Sacrifice appeas'd:
More who can wiſh for, or be better pleas'd?
To whom a grateful Homage Parents pay,
Their Children's Souls, and feaſt me every Day
With roſted Infant's Fleſh, (a luſcious Food)
And make me drunk with Bowls of Virgin-Blood.

The

The other Parts my Brethren may perform:
The last I choose to raise a furious Storm,
And kill his Children. 'Tis a noble Joy,
And worthy of great *Moloch* to destroy
The Life of Innocents. To pleasure you
In this, is both Delight and Duty too.

This said, the Task they gladly undertake,
And all most earnest Preparation make,
Each, with more Malice, to perform his Part:
Dire Emulation so inflam'd their Heart.

Mean while *GOD*'s Servant, void of Guilt and Fear,
Liv'd unconcern'd, nor thought of Danger near.
When, Lo! (Behold how vain the best Estate
Of Mortals is, how changeable their Fate!)
A frighted Servant all in haste comes in,
And thus, all drown'd in Tears, he does begin.

Sad Tidings, Sir, I bring; for even now
The whilst your Men and Oxen were at Plow
In yonder Field, and in a Meadow near
Securely feeding all your Asses were
(The Thought still makes me shrink) a lawless Crew
Of strong *Sabean* Robbers on them flew.

The

The Oxen they unyok'd and drove away,
And made the Aſſes too an eaſy Prey.
Alas! what could unarmed Servants do
(Yet what they could, they did) againſt a Foe
So numerous? On Heaps they ſlaughter'd fell,
And I eſcap'd alone, the News to tell.

Scarce had he ſpoke, when Lo! ('tis ſeldom known)
That one Affliction ventures out alone,
They come in Troops, and preſs, like Waves, each other on.
Another Servant comes, whoſe ghaſtly Look
Portends ſome mighty ill, and thus he ſpoke.

Your Flocks were feeding on the flow'ry Plains,
And ſinging by them ſate the chearful Swains.
When, Lo! with threat'ning Clouds the Sky grew black,
Which op'ning widely, with a dreadful Crack,
From their dark Wombs diſcharg'd a deadly Show'r
Of pointed Flames, which did at once devour
Both Sheep and Shepherds. All together fell,
And I eſcap'd alone, the News to tell.

He ſcarce had done, when from the Field a Third,
Upon whoſe Face a deep Concern appear'd,

Comes home, so spent with haste, and pale with Fear,
Scarce could his falt'ring Tongue these Words declare:

The fierce *Chaldeans* three strong Bodies form'd,
And all well-mounted, all compleatly arm'd
Came marching up, and, Lo! while one held back
To watch th' Event, the other two attack
Our well-fenc'd Grounds, threw down the Gates, and
The Camels off. In vain the Servants strove (drove
To guard their Charge: Alas! they out-number'd fell,
And I escap'd alone, the News to tell.

Scarce had he finish'd, when, with Grief oppress,
A fourth brings sadder Tidings than the rest.
Half dead with Fear, and drown'd in flowing Tears,
His dreadful Message in his Face appears,
Nor need he speak, to tell what News he bears.

Why was I left alive (says he) t'impart
Such killing News, and break my Master's Heart?
Your Sons and Daughters met, invited all
T' a Banquet in their eldest Brother's Hall.
With rich Varieties the Board was crown'd,
The Musick play'd, and Healths were going round,

When

When (ſee the ſudden Turns of Fate, and how
Surprizing Griefs ſecure Delights purſue!)
A furious Whirlwind from the Deſart Land
Came driving o'er, and nothing could withſtand
Its Pow'r; tall Oaks up from the Ground it tore,
Where many Ages they had ſtood before,
And thro' the Air their wond'ring Bodies bore
Againſt the Houſe, as if for that intent
Alone, and for no other Miſchief ſent,
It bent its utmoſt Force, and buried all,
Sons, Daughters, Servants in one Funeral.
Not one eſcap'd, ſo ſuddenly it fell,
But I, unhappy I, the diſmal News to tell.

The former Strokes good Job unmoved took,
He neither ſpake a Word, nor chang'd his Look:
But now he riſes from his Seat, as if
He'd met at laſt a Subject worth his Grief.
His Princely Robe he from his Shoulders tore,
And in its Room a Shirt of Sack-cloth wore.
He ſhaves his Head, and bares his rev'rend Crown,
And on the Pavement caſts his Body down.
There proſtrate, to his *GOD* the *Hero* pay'd
Devout Addreſſes, and thus humbly ſaid:

Naked from out my Mother's hapleſs Womb
I came, and ſhall go naked to the Tomb.
Such mine, ſuch ev'ry ſinful Mortal's Birth:
And ſuch we muſt return t'our common Mother, Earth.
Whilſt here we live, ſome Great, and ſome are Small,
Some Rich, and others Poor we fondly call:
But no ſuch nice Diſtinctions do attend
On our Beginning, or our latter End.
In different Channels here we run; but all
Riſe from one Spring, into one Ocean fall.
† We nothing brought into this World, nor may
Expect to carry ought from hence away.

O *GOD*, Thou ſtable Good, Eternal King,
Whoſe Word did frame, and governs ev'ry thing,
Againſt thy Hand, which orders all things well,
'Tis impious and ingrateful to rebel:
Whatever Bleſſings I enjoy'd, from Thee
They came, thy Bounty lent them all to me.
They were not mine, but Thine; and Thou haſt done
No wrong at all in taking back thine own.

† 1 *Tim.* 6. 7.

Lo!

Lo! Proſtrate on the Ground, in deep Diſtreſs
Thy Wiſdom, Truth, and Juſtice I confeſs,
And with a Soul reſign'd thy glorious Name I bleſs.

Thus ſpake the *Saint*. Thus all Hell's Methods prove
Unable his Religious Mind to move.
The Sad Fiend, with Grief and Envy vext
Thus to be baffled; and in Mind perplext
What fitter Courſe to take, how to repair
His ſhatter'd Forces, and renew the War,
The Fiend retires, projecting to regain
This Loſs of Honour, at the next Campaign.

So a firm Rock, amidſt the Ocean, braves
The Fury of the Wind and angry Waves.
In vain That blows, in vain There beat, in vain
They both conſpire to plunge him in the Main.
Unmov'd he ſtands, till, having ſpent their Strength,
Th' unequal Combat they give o'er at length.
Back to his Caves the Wind, retreating, flies,
There reſts to get new Breath and freſh Supplies,
The Waves, deſerted thus, inſult no more,
But fall, with Shame retiring to the Shore.

THE

THE
History of Job:
A Sacred POEM.

The Second BOOK.

AGAIN th'Almighty mounts his lofty Throne,
And on his Right Hand sate th'Eternal Son.
The Royal Writs were issued out, to call
Th'Angelick Orders to the Council-Hall.
Forthwith they all obey his high Command,
And from each Province of his spacious Land
The chosen Representatives resort,
And in full Numbers crowd the shining Court.
High Matters, which concern'd their Heav'nly State
Th'August Assembly met there to debate:

But

But what the Sacred Pages don't expreſs
My humble Muſe will not preſume to gueſs.
She thankfully receives what GOD reveals,
And chooſes not to know what He conceals.
Heav'ns Sacred Laws and Politicks Divine
She touches not, nor ventures to define
Deep Myſt'ries that her mortal Wit tranſcend,
But ſilently adores what ſhe can't comprehend.

Amidſt the Sacred Senate, thus conven'd
Their mighty Maſter's Pleaſure to attend,
Bold Satan ventures to intrude again,
And ſlily mingles with the happy Train.
Yet the Almighty 'ſpy'd him all the while,
And thus upbraids him with a ſcornful Smile.

Well, Satan, thou haſt gain'd the Conqueſt: See
How plainly Job blaſphemes and curſes me.
I yielded up my Servant to thy Pow'r,
Without juſt Cauſe to be afflicted ſore.
Nor haſt thou ſpar'd, but to the full Extent
Of its Commiſſion thy dire Malice went.

Yet

Yet ſtill his Pious Temper he maintains;
His matchleſs Patience yet unmov'd remains,
And o'er thy feeble Rage triumphant reigns.

Thus GOD: And thus GOD's Enemy reply'd,
Yet ſtill he lives, and ſtill he does abide
In perfect Health: For which a Man would ſell
All that he has, and think it purchas'd well.
'Tis all without him what he ſuffers yet:
My ſtrict Commiſſion would no more permit.
He feels no Smart; and that would move him more
Than all the Loſſes he ſuſtain'd before.

Thus ſpake the Traytor, and that Piety,
Which made him tremble, thus he did bely.
And GOD, who ſaw how his falſe Boſom burn'd
With eager Thirſt of Vengeance, thus return'd:

Thou might'ſt, if Malice had not made Thee Blind,
In thy late ill Succeſs thy future find:
But ſince thy raſh Preſumption urges ſtill
For further Leave to tempt, once more I will
Indulge thy Wiſh. Go, tyrannize it o'er
His Perſon, as thou didſt his Goods before.

But

But ſpare his precious Life: Preſs not in vain
For That; for That thou never ſhalt obtain.

Th'Almighty ſpoke, and with an awful Frown
Sent the bold Fiend, half glad, half angry down.
Glad of new Pow'r obtain'd, but angry ſtill
To have it bridled by another's Will.
He thought a perfect Devil ſhould enjoy
A Plenitude of Power to deſtroy;
A Pow'r unbounded, as his endleſs Spite,
And, like the Divine Goodneſs, infinite.
But ſince he feels (tho' loath) his Rage reſtrain'd,
And, like a furious Bandog, ſtrongly chain'd,
He adds no more, but leaves the hateful Skies,
And, curſing all that dwell there, down he flies.
And in his Paſſage ſweeps the miſty Air,
And gathers all the Surfeits ſcatter'd there,
Malignant Damps, and Peſtilential Steams,
Drawn by ſome guilty Planet's lowring Beams;
From putrid Carnage, Subterraneous Dens,
And noxious Herbs that grow in Bogs and Fens;
A rich Variety of Plagues, to none
But him, and Witches, his apt Scholars, known.

Whatever Earth, Air, Water could impart
Of Ill, he takes, and works, by Rules of Art,
Into a Mixture, able to bereave
Whole Towns of People, should GOD give him leave.

This done, his Way to Job the Tyrant made,
And as he drank, into his Cup convey'd
The baneful Dose, unseen.
Forthwith the Poyson mingles with his Blood,
And into Flames converts the vital Flood.
The great Physician's Care his Heart did fence,
And by strong Cordials kept the Venom thence:
Not so the other Parts. For they bereft
Of heav'nly Succours, and to Satan left,
Felt the dire Juice's Rage, which outward flew,
And on his Skin of Boyls and Blisters grew
A horrid Crop. No rank, new broke-up Field
A more luxuriant Harvest e'er did yield.
No Place was free from Head to Foot; all o'er
It spread, and stretch'd its Conquests more & more,
Till his whole Body was but one great Sore.
The angry Virus slides along his Veins,
And fills him with intolerable Pains.

His

His loathſome Puſhes the Spectators fright,
And they that lov'd him once, now ſhun his Sight.
His Friends firſt look, then ſtart, and turn away:
His meaneſt Servants prove as nice as they,
And when their Maſter calls, refuſe t'obey.
They all forſake him: Ev'n his deareſt Wife,
(Once the Delight and Comfort of his Life)
Now leaves him in Diſtreſſes worſe than Death;
The dainty Dame can't brook her Husband's Breath,
No Aid nor Pity his Complaints procure:
Nay, ev'n Himſelf can ſcarce Himſelf endure.
Deſerted thus on the cold Ground he lies,
And counts the tedious Moments by his Sighs.
A broken Potſherd all his Eaſe, with which
He ſcrapes his Fleſh, to quench the flaming Itch.
While Day remains, he longs for Night, and then
His reſtleſs Sorrows call for Day again.
For when kind Slumbers would awhile refreſh
His fainting Spir'ts, and eaſe his tortur'd Fleſh,
The Foe takes ev'n this ſmall Relief away,
And makes the Night uneaſy, as the Day.
Then fearful Dreams diſturb his burning Head,
And ugly Viſions ſtalk around his Bed.

Pale, angry Ghosts, and ev'ry antick Sprite,
That loves to sport and revel in the Night,
Then haunt, and pull, and suffer him to take
As little Rest asleep, as when awake.

Thus lay the *Saint* beneath the painful Rod,
Yet still he lov'd, and still he prais'd his GOD.
Resolv'd to walk by † Faith, and not by Sight,
He bravely triumph'd o'er Hell's useless Spight,
And bow'd with easy Self-denial still
His Sense and Reason to th'Almighty's Will;
Nor was his Tongue once heard to utter ought
That argu'd in his Mind the least rebellious Thought.

And now the Prince of Hell impatient grown
To see his well-built Project overthrown,
Began to fume and rage (as when he fell
By conqu'ring Angels bound and sent to Hell)
But quickly recollected, down he sate,
And with himself did thus deliberate.

Have I for this my self a Suppliant made
To long-neglected Heav'n, and meanly pray'd
Only for Leave to shew how soon the Pride
And Pow'r of Satan may be mortify'd?

† 2 *Cor.* 5. 7.

Now

Now I believe (I never did till now,
But thought my self too great for such a Blow)
What long ago in Heav'n, when there among
The fawning Crew, I dwelt, and with them bow'd and sung,
In ancient Records I have sometime read,
The Woman's Seed shall bruise the † Serpent's Head.
'Tis doubtless but too true; I must submit,
I find I must: But sure I need not yet.
The Woman's Seed! What may this Riddle be?
There lies some Myst'ry in't too deep for me
To sound: But Job, methinks, should not be He,
Job may be conquer'd; yes, he may, and shall:
I'll never leave him, till I see him fall.
Nay let this wond'rous * Seed come when he will,
I'll meet him in the Field, and try his Skill:
Mean while I'll practice on his Friend, and grow
Still more expert t'engage the mighty Foe.
On my great Name 'twill leave a lasting Brand,
Not to accomplish what I take in Hand.
But first I'll take Advice: The Cause will need
A full Debate, e'er further we proceed.

† *Gen.* 3. 15. * *Mat.* 4. 1, &c. Job,

Job, thou haſt foyl'd me twice; but mark it well,
My third attack thou never ſhalt repell,
If either Wit or Pow'r remain in Hell.

Thus with a threat'ning Brow. Then takes his flight
Down to the Realms of everlaſting Night,
The Palace where he reigns with Horrour crown'd,
And deck'd with diſmal Majeſty around.
Thither arriv'd the Prince without delay
Summons his truſty Counſellers; and they
No ſooner hear the News, but poſt away.
From ev'ry Side the gloomy Stateſ-men come,
And at the Day appointed fill the Room.

To whom the Sultan thus, Grave Senators,
Illuſtrious Peers, and Sage, Nocturnal Pow'rs,
Since down from Heav'n, impatient to endure
Th' unequal Yoke of Arbitrary Pow'r,
We caſt our ſelves, and rather choſe to reign
Below, than ſerve above: With brave Diſdain
Inflam'd, ſo high our juſt Reſentments ran,
Since then our Work has been to ruin Man,
GOD's Darling Man, created to ſupply
The Seats we left, and fill th' unpeopled Sky.

Nor

Nor has Succeſs been wanting: Our high Place
May ſtill be void, for all this upſtart Race
Of Earth-born Worms. Our reaching Arts have won
The greater Part. The Rich we have undone
By tempting them to Avarice and Pride,
Oppreſſion, and a thouſand Ills beſide.
Nor have the Poor eſcap'd the Stratagem:
Impatience, Envy, Murm'ring ruines them.
Their Souls to Luſt the Strong and Heathful yield:
Our Champion Luſt has its Ten Thouſands kill'd.
With Pains and Sickneſs others we aſſail,
And then provoke them to repine and rail,
And curſe the Hand of Providence, as if
That were the only Cauſe of all their Grief.
But Job (Oh hateful Name!) derides our Pain:
On him we practiſe all our Arts in vain.
The ſenſeleſs Bigot neither Want nor Wealth
Can move: He's one in Sickneſs and in Health.
Impov'riſh'd, robb'd, his Body cover'd o'er
With noyſom Boyls, and many painful Sore,
His old, religious Mind he ſtill retains,
And meekly worſhips GOD amidſt his Pains.

Still loves Him, and with blister'd Tongue does sing
Blessed be GOD, my Father, and my King.
This can we suffer? No: We never can,
If we be Angels still, and He but Man.
Where are our Souls? Where that brave Ardor fled,
When our bold Troops 'gainst the bright Throne we led,
And charg'd, like valiant Gen'rals, at their Head?
Th' Almighty scarce could rout us then: And now
Shall we before a wretched Mortal bow?
I know you scorn such Meanness,
Then give Advice, how Vict'ry may be gain'd,
And let Hell's Honour, by your Care maintain'd,
Be still, as hitherto, preserv'd unstain'd.

He spoke. They on each other cast their Eyes,
Expecting who should give their Lord Advice
In this Affair; when from amidst the Crowd
Lord *Belial* rose, and reverently bow'd:

Let not your Wrath, Great Prince, unruly grow
Against this stupid Wretch: We'll make him know
Our strong Temptations cannot be withstood;
And he shall yet blaspheme and curse his GOD.

His

His ſtubborn Patience we'll to Rage convert:
Horror and black Deſpair ſhall ſeize his Heart,
And in fierce Anger Heav'n and he ſhall part.
The Means are obvious, and have often done
Great Feats, and everlaſting Honour won.
Have you forgotten, Sir, (I'm ſure you ha'n't;
'Twas ſuch a glorious Act, I'm ſure you can't)
How the Firſt Man was tempted and undone?
'Twas by his Wife: And Job has ſuch a one.
I know her well: Of Pagan Parents born,
She gladly to our Altars would return,
And in her Heart does Job's Religion ſcorn.
But, like a proud and impious Tyrant, He
Denies her Conſc'ence native Liberty,
His unjuſt Laws compels her to fulfil,
And makes her ſerve his GOD againſt her Will.
Nay, though ſometimes ſhe condeſcends to join,
Upon Occaſion, with him in Divine
And ſacred Acts, this will not pleaſe; but he
Exacts a conſtant, full Conformity
Her Sex's Dow'r ſhe wants not, Envy, Pride,
Revenge, and Forty glorious Names beſide.

Luſtful and Covetous, ſhe hates her Lord
Now Poor and Sick, not able to afford
What would content her, and ſhe longs to be
From ſuch an inconvenient Marr'age free.
A choicer Inſtrument we cannot find:
For ſuch a Work as this, ſhe ſeems deſign'd,
And made, like Eve, to ruin Humankind.
Sir, with your Leave, I'll go, and ſet her on,
And let her finiſh what we have begun.
A few Inſtructions will ſuffice: For ſhe
Already is almoſt as wiſe as We.

He ſcarce had done, when overcome with Joy,
The Prince of Devils made this quick Reply.

My Bleſſing on Thee, dear and precious Friend,
And may Succeſs thy Sage Advice attend.
Nor do I doubt it. Oh that I had now
More Friends, as faithful and as wiſe as Thou!
Our good old Cauſe might be reviv'd again,
And our loſt Empire we might yet obtain.
Oh that the Sov'reign Seat in Heav'n were mine!
Next to my ſelf in Glory thou ſhould'ſt ſhine:
Great *Michael*'s Place, dear *Belial*, ſhould be Thine.

This

This ſaid, in haſt he from the Throne deſcends,
To kiſs the Mouth on which his Hope depends:
Applauding Murmurs through th' Aſſembly ran,
And Satan, highly pleas'd, diſſolv'd the dark Divan.

No ſooner was the joyful Court adjourn'd,
But *Belial*, in whoſe eager Stomach burn'd
A ſtrong deſire, Revenge on Job to take,
Did for his Journey Preparation make.
Through all the doleful Provinces of Hell,
Where guilty Souls in eaſeleſs Torments dwell,
Through the wide Gulph of Subterranean Waves,
Thro' thoſe rude Realms, and hollow, ſounding Caves,
Where infant Storms with Tenderneſs are nurs'd,
And Whirlwinds try their mad Vagaries firſt.
Till ſtronger grown, the Priſon-walls they break,
And thro' the Air their frantick Rambles take:
Through theſe without delay he ſwiftly paſs'd,
And to thoſe plent'ous Regions came at laſt,
That with Metallick Stores are always big,
Where Men do Gold and Grief together dig.
Here ſtays awhile to viſit in his way
Lord *Mammon*, whom thoſe wealthy Realms obey.

He to the late Assembly did not come,
By Bus'ness of Importance kept at home.
At other times the Court he seldom miss'd,
But at Cabals did constantly assist.
On his Advice the State did much rely,
His Int'rest great, and great his Policy.
None serv'd the Prince, or carry'd on his Cause
With greater Zeal than he, or more Applause.
Him Satan lov'd, and highly did prefer,
Made him his Minion, and Lord Treasurer.
In which high Post, so thriving was his Fate,
He bought the Golden Mines, a vast Estate.
And there he reigns a proud and potent Lord;
Scarce Satan's self more honour'd and ador'd.
His Favour Princes seek, and to his Court
Their emulous Ambassadors resort.
A Throng of Suitors at his Gate attends,
And they are happ'est whom he most befriends.
For here bright Gold, that dazling Idol grows
(Lord *Mammon*'s Royalty) which he on those
That serve him best, the worst of Men, bestows.
With equal Art and Pains 'tis here refin'd
By brawny Giants of the Cyclop's kind.

The

The Prince to each by Lot their Task aſſigns,
The ſhining Ore ſome dig from wealthy Mines.
Some from the Droſs the purer Subſtance purge,
Some labour at the Bellows, ſome the Forge.
Some form the pond'rous Ingots, others ſlake
The flaming Wedges in the ſooty Lake.
Some beat them out with Hammers, others grace
The charming Pieces with a Monarch's Face.

And as the painful Bees in flow'ry *May*,
On various Works employ the precious Day.
Some gather waxen Stores, and bring them home
On laden Thighs, with curious Labour ſome
(Rare Architects) erect the golden Comb.
Some overſtock'd lead forth the younger Fry
To ſeek new Seats, and plant a Colony.
Some put on Arms, and with bold Sallies drive
The Drones (a lazy Nation) from their Hive.
Others with liquid Nectar crowd the Cells;
The Work grows hot, the fragrant Honey ſmells.
So *Mammon*'s grieſly Servants ply the Mint,
While he ſtands by, and holds them to their Stint.

A ſhort Repaſt here *Belial* did receive,
Then thank'd his gen'rous Hoſt, and took his Leave.
To whom old *Mammon* briefly thus reply'd,
Farewel, and may good Fortune be your Guide!
The Work already done, methinks, I view:
For what's deſign'd by one ſo wiſe as you
Can hardly fail. Succeſs muſt needs attend
Whate'er you manage. Go, my noble Friend,
And ruin the proud Slave, that dares rebel
Againſt our Lord, the mighty Prince of Hell.
Rather than he ſhould 'ſcape deſerved Fate,
Let me be baniſh'd from this vaſt Eſtate,
And all theſe wealthy Regions ſee no more,
But live (oh hateful Life!) Honeſt, and Poor.
Thence parting *Belial* took the neareſt Way,
And ſoon attain'd the lightſome Realms of Day,
To *Idumea* ſtraight unſeen he went,
Near to the Place where Job had pitch'd his Tent.
Of thicken'd Air there forms a neat Diſguiſe,
Apt to deceive th' unwary Matron's Eyes)
By wiſe, Angelick Art: For though they fell
From Grace, their nat'ral Pow'rs they keep in Hell,
And ſtill in crafty, juggling Feats excel.

The

The Form of Jos's Wife's Mother, lately dead,
He takes, and ſpreads with Snow his ſhaking Head.
He counterfeits her Stature, Shape, and Meen,
And in his Face were all her Features ſeen.
Her hollow Cheeks, ſunk Eyes, and Toothleſs Mouth,
He ſo bely'd, they well might paſs for Truth.

It was the time when *Luna*'s milder Light (bright,
Made Night more cool than Day, but ſcarce leſs
When, thus diſguis'd, the Fiend does ſoftly come,
With ſhort and trembling Steps, into the Room,
Where lay the Dame in Sleeps ſoft Fetters ty'd,
To whom th' Impoſtor thus himſelf apply'd,

Dear Daughter, while kind Fate my Life did ſpare,
To make you Rich and Happy was my Care:
Still in the Grave the ſame Deſire remains,
Death cannot break Love's Adamantine Chains.
When you to Jos in nuptial Bands were ty'd,
You ſeem'd ſo fortunate, ſo bleſt a Bride,
That all that lov'd you did congratulate,
And others envy'd your thrice happy Fate.
So Wiſe, ſo Rich, ſo Comely he was then;
He ſeem'd the choiceſt of the Sons of Men.

Only

Only our Country GODS he would not own,
But serv'd a Deity to us unknown:
Hence all His Griefs and Yours.
For they, incens'd to find themselves contemn'd
By one they favour'd so, in Wrath condemn'd
The Wretch to lose what they had giv'n before,
Smote him with Boyls, and justly made him Poor.
Nor can the GOD he serves his Friend protect:
Or, if He can, why does He him neglect?
Well: Let him suffer. He deserves his Fate,
And on himself has brought the GOD's just Hate.
But why should you a Partner with him be
In Punishment, who from his Guilt are free?
Go, and provoke him to blaspheme his GOD,
Who cannot save him from the angry Rod
Of our more just and potent Deities:
If he repent, he may perhaps appease
Their mighty Wrath, and thro' their Grace obtain
His former Health and Happiness again.
Or else his GOD, who possibly may have
Pow'r to destroy Mens Lives, tho' not to save,
For his Apostacy may strike him dead,
And then of all your Griefs at once you're rid.

For

For in his Room the GODS will ſoon provide
A ſecond Husband worthy ſuch a Bride,
Rich, Noble, Young. For in the Fatal Book
I lately had the Priviledge to look,
And read your glorious Fortunes: Only He
Stands, like a Cloud, betwixt thy Heav'n and Thee.
He gone, good Fortune ſhall his Place poſſeſs,
And bring with her Proſperity and Peace.
In Wealth and Honour, like a mighty Queen,
Thou long ſhalt Reign, and when this happy Scene
Is paſt, deſcend well-pleas'd, and in the ſweet
Elyſian Groves thy joyful Mother meet.

He ſpoke, and vaniſh'd. Straight the Matron's Breaſt
A Fury wild and blaſphemous poſſeſt:
Impiety engroſs'd her Soul, and all
The weak Remains of Grace and Virtue fall.

Mean while the Gates of Heav'n were open'd wide,
And forth the Sun in glorious Pomp did ride,
Fine as a * Bridegroom, when the Day is come
To lead the beauteous Nymph, a conq'ring Captive, home.
Swift as a Giant, eager to debate
With flying Feet his Title to the Plate.

* *Pſal.* 19. 5.

Up gets the Dame (the Fury in her Breast
Would suffer her to take no longer Rest)
To Job's Apartment all in haste she flies,
Where the good Man oppress with Sorrow lies.
In pious Pray'rs he had spent the tedious Night,
And Faith and Patience, made his Burden light.
Just as her Feet upon the Threshold trod,
She heard him sigh, and cry, Have Mercy, O my GOD!
Then in she bolts: Her furious Bosom full
Of *Belial*, round her Eyes distracted roll,
And thus at last she vents her angry Soul.

What! Mercy still! No wonder, since you find
The GOD you serve so gracious, and so kind.
If Want and Sickness may be call'd Rewards,
Plenty of these t' his Servants he affords.
O happy Man! Go on, and dying bless
Your Noble Patron: He deserves no less.
What Sot, but you, would court his mortal Foe?
Our better GODS would scorn to serve you so.
Grow wise at last, unchain your Servile Tongue,
And tell him you resent th' ingrateful Wrong,
Were I thus rack'd with dire, excessive Pain,
This Passive Meanness how would I disdain!

I would not ſneak beneath th' unequal Load,
Nor feebly cry, "Have Mercy, O my GOD!
But with bold Curſes I would ſatisfy
My juſt Revenge, and then with Pleaſure die.
I would not wait his Leiſure thus, nor be
Compell'd by Him to live in Miſery?
His ling'ring Tortures I would ſoon prevent,
And end my hateful Days in manly Diſcontent.

She ſpoke. Her Words good Job amaz'd did hear,
Words unaccuſtom'd to his pious Ear.
As one that happens unawares to ſet
Upon a Snake unſeen his naked Feet,
Steps back, all pale to ſee him raiſe his long
And ſpeckled Neck, and dart his forked Tongue:
So was the *Saint* ſurpriz'd; ſo ſtarted he
To hear her bold and impious Blaſphemy.
But, recollected ſoon, his careful Eye
Upon the Dame he fixt, and made this mild Reply:

Better't had been to be for ever dumb,
Than that ſuch Language from thy Lips ſhould come.
Ah! fooliſh Woman, void of Grace and Senſe!
Has Satan ſeiz'd thy Soul, and baniſh'd thence

All that is wise and virtuous? May not GOD,
When we offend, use his chastising Rod?
Shall we confine th' Almighty to our Will,
Still to be doing Good, tho' we do Ill?
And must he only what we chuse bestow,
As if what's fit, not GOD, but we did know?
Shall we the Joys, we merit not, receive,
Yet curse, if Heav'n deserved Sorrows give?
'Tis Partial, this: And argues that our Breast
Is by th' Ignoble Principle possest
Of Pride, Self-love, and sordid Interest.
From GOD come Good and Evil; Both design'd
By different Methods to improve Mankind:
And Both we ought to take with a contented Mind.

Such was his Speech. So gently he reprov'd
The direful Rage of her he dearly lov'd.
Such awful Majesty and Light Divine
Did in his patient Looks, and Answer shine,
That *Belial*'s Agent found no more to say,
But blush'd, stood still awhile, then silent slipt away.

THE

THE
History of Job:
A Sacred POEM.

The Third BOOK.

MEan while loquacious Fame the News thro'out
Each Corner of the Land had ſpread about.
The Monſter *Fame*; by Stealth brought forth at firſt,
And ſecretly, while young and tender, nurs'd.
But ſoon grown up, ſhe walks the World around,
Nor can her Birth, or Parents now be found.
And, like a Snow-ball rowling down a Hill,
The further ſhe goes on, grows bigger ſtill,
And ſhoots, till ſtalking on the Ground, ſhe ſhrowds
Her lofty Head unſeen amongſt the Clouds.

A Thousand Tongues, and twice so many Ears,
She has, and always talks, and always hears.
If true or false she cares not, so she may
Have ever something strange and new, to say.
She never tasts the Sweets of balmy Rest,
Nor takes the peaceful Night into her Breast.
But stands, and watches all that's spoke and done:
Nothing escapes her underneath the Sun.
Bus'ness and Sports, Intrigues of Love and State,
With all the Turns of kind and angry Fate,
These are the daily Burden of her Songs,
Th' eternal Task of all her busy Tongues.
But chiefly in sad Subjects she delights,
Plagues, Murders, Ship-wrecks, Deaths, and dire } (Affrights,
And sudden Losses gladly she recites.
Now vainly flatters, then as vainly scares,
And fills the World with doubtful Hopes and Fears.

This Lady in her Journey chanc'd to light
On *Eliphaz*, the noble *Temanite*.
A Person wise and good, and near ally'd
To God-like Job on the maternal Side.

One Grandame bleſs'd them both, but Nature's Band
Was ſtraighter ty'd by Virtue's ſacred Hand.
Religion cloſer binds than Names of Blood:
One Father makes not Brothers, like one GOD.

To this great Man the Damſel did relate
The Story of his Friends unhappy Fate,
Loſſes ſo great, and Pains ſ extremely ſore,
Fame, tho' a Liar, could not make them more.
The *Hero* ſigh'd, and from his mournful Eyes
A Flood of Tears did uncommanded riſe.
To *Bildad* ſtraight a Meſſenger he ſends,
And *Zophar*, Job's and his undoubted Friends.
Both Men of Age and Wiſdom, famous both
For Wealth and Honour, Piety and Troth.
Each Head and Patron of his Tribe, and each
By good Example, more than Laws, did teach
Their People Virtue. Such were Princes then,
Not Greateſt only, but the Beſt of Men.

Over the *Shuites* valiant *Bildad* reign'd,
An hardy Race, to Wars and Labours train'd.
Their fair and fruitful Land ſo charm'd the Eyes
Of bord'ring Kings, each long'd to catch the Prize;

As

As Rival Suitors with ambitious Pride
Strive, each to make the beauteous Nymph his Bride:
With no less eager Emulation They
Contest to make those happy Fields their Prey.
But all their Expeditions prov'd in vain:
The *Shuites* well their Country did maintain.
For frequent Dangers and unjust Alarms
Had taught them all the early use of Arms.
Their active Youth the Glebe in Armour till'd,
And could as well the Lance, as Sheep-hook wield.
In painful Husbandry, or toylsome Fights
Employ'd, they left no Room for soft Delights
T' unman their Souls. Nor did declining Years
Exempt the Aged; but their hoary Hairs
They with an Helmet prest, and forth they go,
Leading their Sons to meet th' invading Foe.
With Zeal and Courage warm'd, they all contend
Their native Soil and Freedom to defend.

From *Nah'ma*, *Zophar* drew his high Descent,
And much his Nation's Glory did augment.
To Arts and Learning more than Arms inclin'd
His Choice he made it to improve his Mind.

Wise Nature's Book with Care he did revolve,
And Philosophick Doubts could well resolve.
Of heav'nly Bodies he the Knowledge sought,
And to fixt Rules their wandring Motions brought.
He taught the Planets to submit, and run
Their bidden Course, and wait upon the Sun,
The Sun of all Corporeal Lights the King,
The shining Gem in Nature's Golden Ring,
Who in the Center reigns unmov'd, and thence
To all around does Light and Life dispence.
This beauteous Science he adorn'd, and it
To long, successive Ages did transmit.

Those Royal Sages sprang from *Zophar*'s Stem,
Who found the New-born * GOD at *Bethlehem*,
Led by a Star (for as the Heav'ns they view'd,
They saw it rise, and wisely did conclude
From that new Phosphor's entring on the Sky,
The Sun of Righteousness himself was nigh.)
They found th' Eternal Infant softly laid
In the fair Bosom of the Heav'nly Maid.
They saw, what all the Saints of old did wish,
The Deity conceal'd in Humane Flesh.

* *Mat.* 2. 1, &c.

Their quick-ey'd Faith discern'd a Beam Divine
Through the dark Vail of Mortal Weakness shine.
The Mystick King in Swadling Bands they own,
His Court, a Stable, and a Crib, his Throne.
And to th' Almighty Babe for Help they pray'd,
And with glad Hearts their Homage-Off'rings pay'd.

No sooner were th' unwelcome Tidings brought,
But they, with Grief, and gen'rous Pity fraught,
Agreed all three to visit Job, and spend
Some Days in comforting their ancient Friend.
So, mounting their swift Camels, forth they ride,
Attended by their Slaves on ev'ry Side.

In th' middle way betwixt Job's House and Theirs
A gentle Hill to Passengers appears,
Upon whose Side (with shady Woods around,
Woods with the Mount it self Cœval crown'd)
A stately Palace in those Ages stood,
(Now wash'd away by Time's impetuous Flood)
Wherein there dwelt a Prince, who did command
The fruitful Vale beneath, and all the Land
That lay extended wide on either Hand,

Elihu, who (as ſacred Records tell)
Was Son and Heir to Mighty *Barachel*,
Sirnam'd the *Buzite*; and his Grandſire *Ram*
Was near of kin to faithful *Abraham*.
So Great, ſo Good was his illuſtrious Line,
Himſelf a wond'rous Youth, and bleſt with Gifts Di-
vine.
Deep Wiſdom fill'd his Breaſt, and from his Tongue
A Flood of ſacred Oratory ſprung.
Wealthy and Free, his Goods he did impart
With an unbounded Hand, and liberal Heart.
And pleas'd with Deeds of Charity, he thought
Himſelf moſt happy, when moſt Good he wrought.

Now the bright Sun was leaving ours, to chear
With riſing Beams the other Hemiſphere,
When at this Houſe the trav'lling Sages light,
There with their noble Friend to lodge that Night.
The court'ous Hero met them at the Gate,
And there receiv'd them with a Princely State.
He bow'd, and kiſs'd, and kindly welcom'd all,
Conducting them into his ſpacious Hall.
On Purple Seats their weary Limbs they reſt,
Mean while within a plent'ous Supper's dreſt.

On ev'ry side bright Tapers shine on high,
And th' Office of the absent Sun supply.
By which they view'd the Hangings 'round the Room,
Rich Tap'stry stretcht on finest *Tyrian* Loom.
On which were rare and wond'rous Figures wrought,
That to the Eye surprizing Pleasure brought;
Not light, nor trifling Landskips, apt t' inspire
The Seer's Breast with vain, or wanton Fire:
But serious, chast, and sacred; such as might
No less instruct the Mind, than please the Sight.

The universal Deluge here was seen
Done to the Life, as if't had Nat'ral been,
The Cataracts of Heaven were open'd all,
At once, and down at once whole Oceans fall.
The trembling Earth, with strong Convulsions broke,
Sinks down into the Deep, & with the pond'rous Shock
Forc'd up, vast Tides of unknown Waters rise,
And march to joyn the Forces of the Skies.
Combined thus they madly swell and roar,
And swallow all the Globe, and leave no Shore.
Fat Bulls and Lions, Sheep, and griefly Wolves,
Promiscuous swim; One Ruin all involves.

The tim'rous Fish down to the Bottom creep,
And wonder what new Monsters throng the Deep.
The Birds, long flutt'ring o'er the Deluge, hope
To save themselves, but, fainting, in they drop.
Women and Men in wild Confusion run
From Place to Place, but can't the Danger shun.
Nor Beauty Them, nor Strength can rescue These:
Nor can their mutual Charms each other please.
Some to the Mountains fly, and there in vain
Protract their Breath some Hours with greater Pain.
Some climb tall Trees, and, hanging near the Sky,
Are starv'd, before the Waters rise so high.
But th' happy Ark, which Heav'ns high Hand defends,
Alone escapes the Fate that all the World attends,
And safely riding on the foaming Waves,
The small Remains, and Hope of Mankind saves.
Whilst sinking Wretches see it swim aloft,
And envy those at whom they lately scoff'd.

Another Piece presented to their View,
Great *Babel* built by *Nimrod*'s haughty Crew.
Some burn the Brick, some slake the thirsty Lime,
With Hods of Mortar some steep Ladders climb.

Some

Some ply the Trowel, others with a Line
And Plummet ſquare and form the vaſt Deſign.
High Walls aſcend, and monſtrous Turrets riſe,
And thruſt their Heads far up into the Skies.
All Hands are full employ'd: when, Lo! from Heav'n
Fierce Thunderbolts, by ſtormy Whirlwinds driv'n,
Strike the proud Turrets, batter down the Walls,
And their long Project in a Moment falls.
Confuſion ſeizes all. Some wildly fly,
And others under Heaps of Rubbiſh die.
As Thunder-ſtruck they ſtood all o'er amaz'd,
And in ſtrange Poſtures on each other gaz'd.

But that which moſt detain'd their wond'ring Eyes
A lively Proſpect was of Paradiſe.
Thick Rows of Trees in beaut'ous Order ſtand,
Planted and water'd by th' Almighty's Hand.
Some for their Fruit admir'd, and ſome for Shade,
For Profit ſome, and ſome for Pleaſure made.
The Glebe, ſo fair and fruitful, it confeſs'd
It ſelf by more than Nature's Bounty bleſt.
Pure Rivers gently ſlide along the Plains,
And moiſten all the Ground from their full, flowing Veins.

The

The rising Banks with smiling Flow'rs are crown'd
Which shed their Purple Beams, and charming Sweets around.
No Herb, nor Flow'r, nor Tree by Nature drest,
Could vanquish those which Art had there expres't.

Here *Adam* sate in high Majestick State,
Whilst all the Subject-Creatures 'round him wait.
All Beasts that Woods, Fields, Deserts can afford,
Present themselves before their awful Lord.
Young Lambs and tender Kids about him play:
Lions and Wolves stand by as mild as They.
The feather'd Choir meet to adore their King
In num'rous Flocks, and to the Eye they sing.
The scaly Shoals crowd to the River's Side,
And, had not Nature Voice and Feet deny'd,
They had not fail'd, with th' others to present
Addresses from the liquid Element.

Thus GOD's Vicegerent He the Scepter sway'd,
And humble Homage all the Creatures pay'd
To him, as Monarch of the Land and Sea,
Subject to none but GOD, and only less than He.
Nor had this glorious Empire e'er decay'd,
Had he his Sov'reign, as they him, obey'd.

There

There nigh the Center of the Garden ſtood
The Tree of Life, yielding immortal Food:
Whoever taſts its Fruit freſh Life receives,
And Health and Vigor grow amongſt its Leaves.

Near it, the Tree of Knowledge, ſpreading wide
Its laden Boughs, by a cryſtal River's Side.
Lovely and Fair its Burden look'd, but did
More Fair and Lovely ſeem, becauſe forbid.
Beneath its Shade ſtood beaut'ous *Eve*, and in
Her doubtful Face a warm Debate between
The Force of Duty and Deſire was ſeen.
Her Eye was fix'd upon the tempting Fruit,
As if ſhe long'd to taſt, but durſt not do't.
The ſly, malicious Serpent, gazing by,
Obſerves the Motion of her Hand and Eye,
And, boldly raiſing up his ſhining Creſt,
Seems to invite her to the fatal Feaſt.
Now ſhe puts forth her Hand, then pulls it back,
As if ſhe felt ſome ſudden, inward Check.
Now Faith prevails, then Fleſh the Strife renews:
Reaſon condemns, what Senſe would fain excuſe.

At last she weakly yields, but finds th' Effect
Not such, as her wild Fancy did project.
She eats; and all her Race her Frailty mourn,
Her hapless Race, undone before they're born.

While thus their ravish'd Eyes the Princes fed,
The Board, with fine *Egyptian* Linnen spread,
Is fill'd with Dishes, not for Pomp, but Use;
Not Vain, yet Splendid; Rich, but not Profuse.
Sufficient for a temp'rate Mind's Delight,
But not to urge a wanton Appetite.
No Gluttony those vig'rous Ages knew:
Excess into a Fashion lately grew.
Health and long Life their Meals did then afford:
Now Sickness and swift Death wait on the Board.

All things prepar'd, down sit the welcome Guests,
Whom their kind Host with gen'rous Bounty feasts.
With rich *Arabian* Wine the Bowls are crown'd,
And pass from Man to Man in sober Order round.
The sad Occasion of their meeting there
Oblig'd them Mirth and Musick to forbear.
Joy seem'd to them indecent, while their best
And dearst Friend with Sorrow lay oppress.

But grave and wise Discourse supply its Place,
And GOD-like Job their mournful Subject was.
Now they his Virtue and Religion praise,
His Learning then, and wond'rous Wisdom raise.
Now they recal his former happy Fate,
And then bewail his present, chang'd Estate.

I heard it, says *Elihu*, e'er you came,
The sad Account was brought by trav'ling Fame.
And since this Journey you design to take
For our great Friend and worthy Patron's Sake,
One of your Number, if you please, I'll make.
They rose, and bow'd, and thanks to him address,
Then parted, and betook themselves to Rest.

Now *Phosphor*, leading on the golden Day,
Had chas'd pale Ghosts, and rav'ning * Beasts away,
Close in their Dens the savage Monsters lurk,
And Man goes forth in Safety to his Work,
Up rose the Princes. Hail and brisk they rose,
Nor did their last Night's Feasting indispose
Their Mind or Body; but, equipt with Speed,
They rode together, as they had agreed.

* *Psal.* 104. 22, 23.

In

In various Talk they ſpend the weary Day,
And entertain each other on the Way,
Till coming to their Journey's End, they found
The ſuff'ring Hero on the naked Ground.
So chang'd from what he was, ſo full of Woe,
That for a while their Friend they did not know.
His Griefs were ſo extream, ſo ſad his Fate,
So far beyond what People did relate,
Or they imagine, that they ſtood amaz'd,
And at a Diſtance on his Sorrows gaz'd.

So (if ſad things we may with glad compare,
Join in the Duſt with GOD-like *David's* Heir
Upon the Throne, ſo) the fair Southern * Queen,
When ſhe the Pomp of *Solomon's* Court had ſeen,
And heard his Royal Wiſdom, did confeſs,
That Fame, tho' ſtrangely great, had made them leſs,
Nor could the Half of what ſhe found, expreſs.

They wept aloud, and each his Garment tore,
And Duſt upon their Comely Heads they pour,
Deep Signs of inward Anguiſh, and a Breaſt
With Sorrows, only leſs than His, poſſeſt.

* 1 *Kings* 10. 7.

They came to comfort and appeaſe his Grief:
But now Themſelves do want the ſame Relief.
Long time they ſit in Aſhes by their Friend,
And, dumb with Horror, mournfully attend.

Sev'n times that reſtleſs Traveller, the Sun,
His well-known Courſe from Eaſt to Weſt had run:
As oft the Moon her beauteous Face had ſhown,
And lighted Mortals, when the Day was gone,
Before the Tempeſt, ſtruggling in their Mind,
Could thro' their Lips its doleful Paſſage find.
Till Job, unable longer to contain
His ſwelling Paſſion, roſe, and thus he did complain.

Curs'd be the Day when firſt I ſaw the Light!
And let eternal Horrors ſeize the Night
Of my Conception! oh! Why was I born
With reſtleſs Pains and Sorrows to be torn?
Why was my fooliſh Mother fondly pleas'd
To ſee her Womb of this ſad Burden eas'd?
Why was my Father overjoy'd to ſee
His Likeneſs and vain Hopes reviv'd in me;
In me, whom This and future Ages ſhall
Of all Mankind the moſt unhappy call;

Whoſe

Whose Fate shall be the Form of Cursing, when
The worst of Ills are wish'd t' the worst of Men?
That black and dismal Day let GOD despise,
And from it turn his Beatifick Eyes.
Let not the Sun vouchsafe thereon to rise,
Nor smile upon it from the the lofty Skies.
Let Hellish Darkness challenge it, and let
Death's baleful Shadow brooding on it sit
To hatch ill-boding Hours, that nothing may
Prosper, attempted on that luckless Day.
Let Men to it eternal Malice bear,
And blot its Name from out the Calendar.
Let each revolving Year hereafter chuse,
Rather than That should come, a Day to lose.
Or if it needs must come, and nothing may
The sure establish'd Course of Nature stay,
Let all Mankind wish it at least away.
Let dire Misfortune claim it for her own,
And march with all her Terrors up and down.
Let no glad Object on that Day appear,
And only dreadful Sounds afflict the Ear.
Let frightful Sights abound; and heavy Moans
Be heard, loud Shrieks, and dismal, dying Groans.

Let

Let not so much as one kind Star be seen,
To guide the Steps of lost, despairing Men.
Beneath eternal Darkness let it lie,
And never see the Morning's chearful Eye.
Because it shut not up my Mother's Womb,
But open let the Doors for me to come
Into a World of Woe, where Storms arise,
And Floods of Tears stream ever from mine Eyes.
Why did the Widwife do her Part? Or why
Did not the Nurse her cruel Aid deny,
And throw me down, as soon as Born, to Die?
Then had I slept, and on the peaceful Breast
Of easy Death enjoy'd eternal Rest.
With mighty Kings and Politicians then
I had dwelt in Safety, and their equal been.
Alive, vast Projects to themselves they fram'd,
At mighty Names, and mighty Fortunes aim'd,
Laid waste the weaker, neighb'ring States, that they
Alone might reign with undisputed Sway,
Rich Palaces, and strong-limb'd Castles built,
Vast Seas of Blood, and boundless Treasure spilt,
And fill'd their Houses with the wealthy Spoils
Of ravish'd Provinces, and conquer'd Isles.

Yet

Yet Peace and Rest they never could obtain:
Those rich, inestimable Gifts in vain
They labour'd for, till yielding up their Breath,
They gently sunk into the Arms of Death.
Now in the gloomy Grave secure they rest,
And neither others, nor themselves molest.

Thrice happy State! where Pain and Labour ceases,
And weary Men lie down in endless Peace.
From Chains releas'd poor Captives there rejoice,
Nor hear th' insulting Tyrant's threatning Voice.
There Small and Great on equal Terms agree,
And from his cruel Lord the Slave is free.
Princes and Swains forget there all Degrees,
Nor Them Ambition racks, nor Envy, These.

Oh! Why are Men compell'd to live in Woe,
Still to sit up, who fain to Bed would go?
Why does unkind, hard-hearted Fate deny,
Their Grief its only Sovereign Remedy?
As Men for Gold dig deep into the Earth,
And from her Womb rip out the shining Birth;
With no less Eagerness, and careful Thought,
Is Death by Men oppress with Trouble sought:

They

They ſhout, with Joy tranſported, when they have
In view the Prize they court, a ſilent Grave.

Oh! Why is uſeleſs Light on him beſtow'd,
Who groaning lies beneath a pond'rous Load
Of Miſery? Whom GOD hath hedg'd about
With pointed Thorns, and left no Paſſage out?
Deep Sighings break my Heart before I eat,
And diſmal Groans diſreliſh all my Meat.
I roar for Pain, in vain for Comfort ſeek.
And, like a River, Tears run down my Cheek.

Alas! I never thought my ſelf ſecure,
Nor high advanc'd above Misfortune's Pow'r.
I flatter'd not my ſelf, nor hop'd that I
Alone perpetual Sun-ſhine ſhould enjoy:
Or that my vent'rous Bark alone ſhould be
Enſur'd from Ship-wreck on the Stormy Sea
Of treacherous, and frail Mortality;
I look'd for Tempeſts and tumultuous Hours,
For Days all black with Clouds, & wet with Show'rs,
For Pains and Loſſes. And, behold! They're here;
They're here, alas! nor cauſeleſs was my Fear.

Tell

Tell me my Friends: Say, did you ever see
A Man afflicted and distrest, like me?
So soon cast down (so soon, it well might seem,
Did not quick Sence evince its Truth, a Dream)
From extream Wealth and Joy, to Grief and Want extream.

THE

THE History of Job: A Sacred POEM.

The Fourth BOOK.

THUS ſpake th' afflicted *Hero*, but was heard
Of his hard-hearted Friends with ſmall Re-(gard
His Suff'rings ſtood ſo full before their Eye,
They could not through that Cloud his Virtues ſpy.
To their weak Faith the vaſt, prodigious Load
Seem'd inconſiſtent with the Love of God.
They thought ſuch mighty Woes muſt be the Sign
And juſt Effect of mightier Wrath Divine.
And Satan, who mean while ſtood by unſeen,
(His Stomach boyling with invet'rate Spleen)

Embrac'

Embrac'd the glad Occaſion to ſuggeſt
Ill Thoughts, & with raſh Cenſures fill'd their Bre:
To Suff'rings not inur'd, they neither knew
What tender Pity is to Suff'rers due,
Nor for what wiſe and great, tho' hidden Ends
High Heaven ſometimes afflicts its deareſt Friends.
Their narrow Souls concluded Job muſt be
(Tho' fam'd for Faith and ſpotleſs Sanctity)
Puniſh'd for ſecret Crimes and deep Hypocriſy.
With this blind Zeal inſpir'd (when Job had done
His ſad Complaint) thus *Eliphaz* begun.

Let not our Freedom, Job, ill taken be,
Nor think we come thus far to flatter thee:
We're loath t' offend, but in a Caſe ſo plain
He muſt be dumb that can from Speech refrain.
Slight Hurts are eas'ly cur'd, but for a Wound
So rank as thine, ſharp Medicines muſt be found.
Art thou the Man, from whom e'erwhile the weak
And feeble Hands did Help and Comfort ſeek?
Whoſe kind, refreſhing Tongue ſupported thoſe
Who groan'd beneath the Weight of preſſing Woes?
Whoſe calm Advice their ſtormy Griefs ſubdu'd,
Inſpiring fainting Souls with Life renew'd?

But 'tis, I find, an easier Task to give
Instructive Rules, than by the same to live.
And thou, who oft didst preach to others, art
Thy self a Stranger to the Practick Part.
'Tis come upon thee, and thou faintest straight,
Thy Shoulders sink beneath th' unequal Weight.
Now is the time t' exert thy Strength, and all
Thy chosen Forces to thy Aid to call.
What means this raving Speech, this loud Complaint?
Tell me, who ever perish'd Innocent?
When were the Righteous cut off, and when
Did GOD forsake upright and faithful Men?
You must expect to reap, as you have till'd:
If Seeds of Wickedness upon the Field
Be cast, a Crop of Sorrows it will yield.
As rapid Lightning, on swift Whirlwinds born,
Breaks and destroys the Ranks of standing Corn,
Or rides in Triumph o'er the vanquish'd Shocks,
And all the Farmer's Hope and Labour mocks:
So by the Blast of GOD's Displeasure, all
The proud Oppressors, and their Projects fall.
On Them and Theirs, a fearful, sudden Death,
The angry Nostrils of th' Almighty Breath.

In those soft Hours, that are to Sleep assign'd,
Upon this Thought I'd fixt my wakeful Mind,
When on the sudden, lo! a dreadful Fear
Surpriz'd my Heart, and upright set my Hair.
I stood amaz'd, to see I had no Powr,
And ev'ry Joynt about me trembled sore.
And, Lo! before my Face a shining Spright
March'd slowly by: But in so great a Fright
I could not well discern what Form appear'd,
Only a wond'rous, unknown Voice I heard.

Oh! What is mortal Man, that he so proud
Should grow, and think himself more just, than GOD?
That he should blame GOD's Counsels & Commands,
And 'gainst his Maker lift rebellious Hands?
Behold, the glorious Angels, which are made
Of pure Etherial Substance, are afraid
To justify Themselves, for ev'n in Them
A rig'rous GOD might find some Frailty to condemn.
Conscious of native Weakness, when before
The Throne of Glory prostrate they adore,
With purple Wings their blushing Cheeks they shroud,
They tremble: And shall sinful Man be proud?

Shall

Shall they be juſt and pure in their own Eyes,
Their Merits boaſt, and GOD Himſelf deſpiſe,
Whoſe Dwelling is in Houſes made with Clay,
Weak Walls, which in a Moment drop away?
Whoſe Garments, fretted by the Moth, may teach
Their Wearers, and a Funeral Lecture preach,
How ſoon their Glory, Wealth and Pomp may have
An unregarded Fall into the loanſom Grave.

Thus the bright Viſion ſpake. And if thou call
The Saints in Earth and Heav'n to witneſs, all
To this great Truth will ſeal with one Conſent,
That Sin the Parent is of Puniſhment.
On that curſt Stock no Fruit but This will grow:
Who chuſes One, muſt take the Other too.
Faſt link'd by 'ternal Sanctions they remain,
And to divorce them all Attempts are vain:
NotDeath it ſelfcan break theſtrong wroughtChain
Hence all the Pains and Loſſes you endure,
Which by Complaints you ſtrive in vain to cure.
All other Methods ineffectual are
But true Repentance, and inceſſant Pray'r.

If

If thou to GOD with all thy Heart return,
And for thy Sins with deep Contrition mourn,
He will diſſolve the Knot, and ſet thee free
From Guilt, and its Attendant, Miſery.
Were I, like you, oppreſt with Grief and Pain,
Like you, I would not murmur and complain,
But humbly fall before th' Almighty's Feet,
And to his Pleaſure ſilently ſubmit.
My lawleſs Paſſions I would curb, and wait
With Faith and Hope a kind Return of Fate.
For bleſt is he whom Heav'ns indulgent Hand
Caſts down awhile, to make him firmer ſtand.
Juſtice and Mercy both His Throne attend,
And He doth both on weighty Errands ſend,
He makes Men Poor and Wealthy, Sick and Sound;
He ſtrikes, & then his hand binds up, & heals the wound.
Let ne'er ſo many Troubles thee aſſail,
And round thy Temples fly as thick as Hail,
He'll ſcatter them; not one ſhall e'er prevail.
In time of Famine he thy Houſe will feed,
And in the Day of Battel guard thy Head.
No ſpiteful Tongue ſhall blaſt thy growing Fame,
Nor with a ſecret Stab deſtroy thy Name.

When

When all things threaten Ruin, thou ſhalt laugh,
And from the Teeth of rav'ning Beaſts be ſafe.
All Nature ſhall thy Friendſhip court, and where
Thy Tent is pitch'd, Health, Peace and Plenty there
Shall pay their Homage, and Attendance give.
Thou many long and proſp'rous Years ſhalt live:
And, having ſeen thy Children like to Thee,
In Virtue, Wealth and Honour, thou ſhalt be
Tranſlated by officious Angels hence,
In Triumph, to receive thy Recompence;
As Reapers bind the weighty Sheaves of Corn,
And bring them home, with Songs, into the Barn.

Thus argu'd *Eliphaz*. A mournful Sigh
The patient *Hero* fetch'd, and made Reply:
O that my Suff'rings were exactly weigh'd,
And all my Sorrows in the Ballance laid!
They would be found in Weight and Number more
Than all the Sand that ſpreads th' extended Shore.
Who can ſuſtain th' Almighty's Wrath? Or ſtand
The dreadful Stroke of His reſiſtleſs Hand?
Deep in my Side His venom'd Arrows ſtick,
And with the Pangs of Death my Heart is ſick.

As ſome ſtrong Fort, that ſtops the Victor's Courſe,
At once the Fury feels of all his Force;
At once is batter'd with a thouſand Rams,
Affrighted with loud Noiſe and hoſtile Flames:
So all his choſen Terrors GOD doth call;
'Gainſt me they march in warlike Order all.
Me they attack with hid'ous Cries, and on
One naked Man His armed Legions run.

In ſuch Diſtreſs, methinks, my Friends from you
Some Favour and Compaſſion might be due.
And ſo it would, did you th' Almighty dread:
But from your Breaſt all Tenderneſs is fled,
Becauſe you fondly think your ſelves ſecure
From all the Pains and Sorrows, I endure.

As ſudden Torrents, ſprung from melted Snow,
Run down the Hills, and fill the Vale below,
And court the Traveller to drink, when he
Neither feles Thirſt, nor fears a Scarcity
Where'er he goes: But when the Dog-Star reigns,
And burning Heat his vital Moiſture drains,
And fries the Blood within his parching Veins,

When * Water (like good Tidings, which a Friend
From distant Lands does unexpected send)
Is highly priz'd, they vanish, and your Eye
Can scarce the Place where once they flow'd descry.
The Troops of *Tema*, the rich Caravans
Of *Sheba*, and the wild *Arabians*
Come panting to the Place, where no Relief
They find, but turn again with Shame and Grief.
Grief to be disappointed thus, and Shame
T' have trusted such a false, uncertain Stream:
To me my Friends prove now exactly such,
Who, when I wanted nothing, promis'd much,
But now desert, and with my cruel Foes
Take part, and help with them t' increase my Woes.

If this were all your Bus'ness, why from home
Did you on such an unkind Errand come?
I did not send for you; but was content
Alone to bear the Sorrows GOD had sent.
I did not beg Relief, nor once demand
Deliv'rance by you from th' Oppressor's Hand.
And can you not to your old Friend afford
The not expensive Alms of one kind Word?

* *Prov.* 25. 25.

What

What desp'rate Logick teaches to conclude
Because I am distress'd, I can't be Good?
Are Wealth and Virtue, Piety and Peace
So link'd by firm, immutable Decrees,
That nothing can dissolve the fatal Band,
But both together must, or fall, or stand?
Must Misery and Trouble ever be
The Sign of an offended Deity?
Does Suff'ring always argue Guilt? And must
Unhappy Men be Bad, or Heav'n unjust?
Does not the Sun, without Controul dispence
To Good and Bad his vital Influence?
And shall we bind Eternal Providence?
GOD made that glorious Planet: And shall He
Be tied to Rules, from which his Creature's free?
Dark are the Ways of * GOD, and none can prove
From them the Objects of his Hate, or Love.
Sometimes the Wicked flourish, and enjoy
More than enough their craving Sense to cloy:
While pious Men, oppress't with Loads of Grief,
Complain, like me, but meet with no Relief.
My Innocence and Fame are all that's left
To comfort me: And must I be bereft

* *Eccles.* 9. 1.

Of those dear Jewels, which I value more
Then all the Treasures I possest before?
Hard-hearted Friends! Let me appeal from you,
To Him that rules on high, and humbly sue
For one fair Hearing, at his right'ous Seat,
Where *Truth and Mercy, Peace and Justice meet.

Lord, wherefore thus dost thou contend with me?
Am I a Match fit to encounter Thee?
The mighty Whale, whom all the swimming Race
As Monarch of the wat'ry World obeys,
Sinks at thy Presence, like a Lump of Lead,
And calls for deeper Seas, to hide his fearful Head.
The mighty Ocean, where that Monster reigns,
And takes his Pastime on the liquid Plains,
Starts at thy Word, and flying back, does own
It self unable to abide thy Frown.
Yet me Thou dost constrain to stand the Force
Of thy fierce Anger; me without Remorse
Thy Fury tears, and does protract my Breath,
Meerly to suffer Torments, worse than Death.
I can endure no longer. O forbear,
And for thy Wrath some hardier Subject rear.

* *Psal.* 85. 10.

Remove

Remove thy Hand, and let thine Anger ceaſe,
That I may breath a little while in Peace.
Or, if not That, at leaſt This Mercy ſhow,
Diſpatch me ſoon, with one kind, killing Blow.

As weary Slaves hate the laborious Light,
And wiſh the quick Return of ſhady Night;
And toyling Lab'rers wait to ſee the Day
Fall from the Sky, that they may take their Pay,
So do I covet Death, and long to be
From Life, and its Companion, Sorrow, free.
I loath its very Name; its real Pains,
And fancy'd Joys my Soul alike diſdains.
Inſpir'd with noble Ardour, Death, to thee
Life's only Remedy, I gladly flee.
Come, gentle Friend, and on thy welcome Breaſt
Receive my Head, and charm it into Reſt.
Life is a perfect Cheat: 'Tis only Thou
That canſt the Gifts, ſhe promiſes, beſtow.
In vain of Goods, of Health and Liberty
The Living boaſt: For none are Rich or Free,
Healthful or Sound, but ſuch as are made ſo by Thee.

He scarce had done, when *Bildad* Silence broke,
And rising up, in mighty Passion spoke.

How long wilt thou thus wildly talk? How long
Against thy Maker bend thy Frantick Tongue?
Shall GOD pervert the Rules of Equity,
Or his fix'd Methods change, to pleasure thee?
Doubtless thy Children fell beneath the Stroke
Of that just Vengeance, which they did provoke
By lewd Excesses: doubtless Heav'n was Just
To punish thus their Riot, and their Lust.
And thou thy self art not exempt from Sin,
But secret Crimes by Thee have harbour'd been.
Thy Substance could not prosper, nor thy Wealth
Continue, got by Rapine, or by Stealth.
By Strength of Hand thou hast oppress't the Poor,
And robb'd thy Brother, to encrease thy Store.
But to the Rich thy Friendship thou hast sold,
And further'd his unlawful Claims, for Gold.
Thou hast despised GOD, and thought that He
Thro' the thick Cloud thy Follies could not see,
Or full employ'd above, no time could find
To look below, and visit Humankind.

Such

Such horrid Crimes thou haſt indulg'd, or now
Thou hadſt not ſuffer'd thus, nor fall'n ſo low.
Thy pious Works, and boaſted Innocence
Appear but Splendid Cheats, and meer Pretence.
Had they been True, th' Almighty would ariſe
For Thee, and ſave thee from thine Enemies.
Thy Body he would heal, thy Loſs reſtore,
And make thee happier, than thou waſt before.

This Truth to paſt and preſent times well known,
Succeeding Ages ſhall receive and own.
By long Experience prov'd, it ſhall extend
Its Light from Times firſt Spring unto its End.
That GOD will never help, nor proſper thoſe
Whom proud and wicked Works have made his Foes.
But they that worſhip Him, and keep his Laws
Adhering conſtant to his right'ous Cauſe,
His choiceſt Favours ſhall enjoy, and prove
The darling Objects of his tender Love.

O then theſe bold and impious Words forbear,
And turn them into meek and ardent Pray'r.
Return to GOD, and ſet thy Conſcience free
From ſecret Sins and cloſe Hypocriſy.

Then

Then ſhalt thou find an happy Change, and ſee
A joyful End of all thy Miſery.
By Help Divine thy Fortunes thou ſhalt raiſe,
Enjoying long, ſerene, and healthful Days,
And turn thy loud Complaints to louder Songs of Praiſe.

He ſpoke, and down he ſate: then Job aroſe,
And thus a ſecond time did interpoſe.

I know that GOD is juſt, and never can
Do Wrong to me, or any mortal Man.
His Wiſdom and his Pow'r my Soul adores,
And ev'n the leaſt rebellious Thought abhors.
Alas! who dares contend with Him, or hope
By Force, or Fraud, his awful Hand to ſtop,
At whoſe Command the Mountains quit their Place,
And fly, like frighted * Lambs, before his Face?
Who from her Baſe the pond'rous Earth does ſhake,
That like thin Reeds her ſtrongeſt Pillars quake.
Without whoſe Leave the Sun dares not to riſe,
Nor lead the beaut'ous Day along the Skies.
Who th' airy Regions, like a † Curtain ſpreads,
And on the foaming Billows boldly treads.

* *Pſal.* 114. 4. † *Pſal* 104. 2. Whoſe

Whose Nod the Heav'ns obey, and all the Host
Of Stars, that deck and guard th' Etherial Coast.

How then shall I (poor Worm) presume to mount
The Throne of GOD, and call Him to account?
Had I an hundred Tongues, for my Defence
In flowing Rhet'rick dipt, & arm'd with manly Sense,
I should no sooner to his Presence come,
But all those Tongues would falter, and be dumb;
Or else, instead of Pleading, humbly fall
To Pray'r, and for some Ease and Pity call.
For me the Tempest of his Fury shocks,
And breaks in Pieces with redoubled Strokes.
To breath I am not able: Such Excess
I feel of Pain, as no Words can express.

I know no Cause, why me th' Almighty hath
Thus singled out, to bear his burning Wrath:
Nor can I of one Sin my self accuse
In all that heavy Roll, which you produce.
But this I know, and will affirm it still,
That Judgments fall alike on Good and Ill.
His Shafts at Random fly, his careless Steel
As well the Righteous as the Wicked feel.

And in his furious March, no Difference
He makes at all 'twixt Guilt and Innocence.
Fair Provinces, and vaſt Eſtates on thoſe
That ſcorn his Laws his laviſh Hand beſtows.
Obſerve the mighty Men, and you will find
The greater Number of the worſer kind.
But thoſe that ſerve him, and that love him beſt,
With Pains and Sorrows are, like me, oppreſt.

I once as Rich and Happy was as you,
And in Proſperity ſurpaſs'd by few:
But now 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
As well-built Navies, favour'd by the Wind,
Cut thro' the yielding *Waves, & leave no Path behind:
As hungry Eagles haſten to their Prey
And print no track of their aërial Way:
So are my Joys all fled, and nothing now
Remains, that once I happy was, to ſhew.

If This the Portion be by Heav'n beſtow'd
On juſt and pious Men, who will be Good?
Who will reform his Ways, or take the Pain
To waſh his Hands, and cleanſe his Heart in vain,
If, notwithſtanding all this Care, he muſt
Fall under Suff'rings, due to the unjuſt?

*Wiſd. 5. 10, 11.

'Tis

'Tis a ſtrange Riddle, this: And oh that I
Might once obtain of GOD the Liberty
To talk about it! I would fill my Mouth
With Arguments, and boldly ſpeak the Truth.
But GOD is not a Man: His dreadful Brow
So over-aws me, that I know not how
To ſpeak. But let him take his Rod away,
And all his armed Terrors from him lay,
And He ſhall find I ſomething have to ſay.

Theſe Words ſo harſh to *Zophar* ſeem'd, that he
No longer could endure ſuch Blaſphemy,
(For ſo he thought it) but concern'd to take
Th' Almighty's Part, he thus in Anger ſpake.

Muſt your unruly Tongue be thus allow'd
Without Rebuke, t'accuſe Almighty GOD?
Muſt your bold Slanders Heav'n and Earth belye
As cruel and unjuſt, while we ſit ſilent by?
Are your Afflictions, think you, a Defence
For Paſſion, Pride, and impious Inſolence?
Muſt we ſit ſtill, and not reply, for Fear
Of adding to the Load, you juſtly bear?
Juſtice Divine you boldly have denyed;
And all your Words and Actions juſtify'd.

You mock at GOD, and think we do you wrong,
If we refute and check your lawleſs Tongue.
But, oh that GOD himſelf his Lips would ope,
And thy falſe Mouth with righteous Anſwers ſtop!
That He would teach you a more equal Senſe
Of his juſt Laws, and careful Providence!
That He would make you know, that tho' the Score
Of your Complaints be great, your Sins are more,
And if he ſhould increaſe your Pains, you muſt
Submit, and ſtill confeſs Him to be Juſt!

You ſay (but falſely) that the ſelf ſame Fate
Does on the Right'ous and the Wicked wait.
That they who juſt and upright Ways purſue,
The Pay receive that is to Sinners due.
But did not Pride and Rage thy Soul enthrall,
This groundleſs Slander thou wouldſt ſoon recall.
For doubtleſs GOD in pious Men delights,
They are his ſpecial Friends, and Favourites.
Bleſſings he ſpreads around them ev'ry Day,
And ſhines upon them with a vig'rous Ray.
Peace he creates, and Plenty, for the Sake
Of ſuch, and proſpers all they undertake.

Their

Their Houſes He protects from Harm, nor dare
Diſeaſe, nor doubtful Danger enter there.
But wicked Men, and Hypocrites, like you,
Meet the Reward to their Offences due.
In vain they look for Happineſs, in vain
Of diſmal Pains and Loſſes they complain:
None hears their Cry. Their proud Deſigns are croſt,
Their Hearts are broken, all their Hopes are loſt,
They faint, like thoſe that render up the Ghoſt.

Thus *Zophar* did his eager Paſſion vent,
And when his Zeal and Anger all was ſpent,
Illuſtrious Job reſum'd the Argument.

How long will ye my Meaning thus pervert,
And with your cruel Slanders break my Heart?
If yours were mine, and mine were your Eſtate,
I could deride, and triumph o'er your Fate,
As you o'er mine: But I would rather prove
The milder ways of Gentleneſs and Love.
My healing Tongue ſhould miniſter Relief,
I'd not augment, but try to mitigate your Grief.
O miſerable Comforters! Go on
And mock your Friend, as hitherto y' have done.

A larger Field, I'm ſure, you cannot meet
To exerciſe a keen, Satyrick Wit.
You are the Men of Parts, no doubt, to whoſe
Grave Senſe and Judgment all our Reaſon bows.
You are the Men t' whom all Reſpect is due:
Wiſdom with you was born, and it ſhall die with you.
Yet ſhall not all your wiſe Diſcourſes make
My ſtedfaſt Soul its firſt Reſolves forſake.
Your learned Pleas give not the leaſt Pretence
To queſtion, or ſuſpect my Innocence.
While Breath remains, while God enables me
To ſpeak a Word, that Word ſhall juſtify
My Life and Practice to have been ſincere,
And always guided by th' Almighty's Fear.
Say what you will: Yet my own Tongue ſhall ne'er
Conſent, nor 'gainſt my ſelf falſe Witneſs bear,
For in juſt Ways my Feet have ever trod,
I ſtill have kept the Precepts of my GOD,
And lov'd them better than my daily Food.
Yet will not this exempt me from the Pains,
Contempt and Sorrow that my Soul ſuſtains.
Th' Almighty will do what he will; nor can
His Sentence be controul'd by mortal Man.

Some

Some wicked Men remove their Neighbour's (Bound,
Uſurp his Land,& reap another's Ground.
His Flocks they ſeize by Force, thereon to feed
And feaſt themſelves, and juſtify the Deed.
The Orphan's Aſs (his whole Eſtate) away
Some drive, and make the Widow's Ox a Prey.
The helpleſs Traveller ſome rob and kill,
And all their Houſes Spoil and Rapine fill.
The Land with Thefts and Murders they moleſt,
And with Pyratick Force the Seas infeſt.
Others, with Luſt and lawleſs Paſſion led,
In ſecret creep to the looſe Harlot's Bed.
All Night diſſolv'd in Joys obſcene they lie,
But curſe the dawning Morn's diſcov'ring Eye.
Vain Fools, to fear the Face of Men, but ſlight
The quick Remarks of GOD's all-piercing Sight.

Yet all theſe proſper in their wicked Ways,
And Mirth and Muſick entertain their Days.
Their ill-got Subſtance thrives, their Goods abound,
And Health and Safety compaſs them around.
Their Sins and Joys with equal Pace advance,
And to the tuneful Harp their Children dance.

In

In Peace and Pleasure num'rous Days they spend,
No Mark of Vengeance does their Lives attend:
No Pains unusual torture them in Death,
But softly, and with Ease they yield their Breath,
And large Possessions to their Sons bequeath,

But Right'ous Men their Age in Sorrow waste,
And hardly once the Sweets of Living taste.
Their Life from first to last they justly may
Account a rainy, blustring Winter's Day;
And when the long Fatigue at last is done,
Black Clouds and Storms disturb their dying Sun.
In Arbitrary Manner * GOD bestows
Both Good and Evil here, and no Man knows
His Friends, by present Dealings, from his Foes.

Learn Wisdom then, and own that Providence
Acts by a Law superior far to Sense.
'Tis Faith alone can solve the knotty Doubt,
And vig'rous Hope must make the Riddle out.
Th' important Secret only GOD reveals,
And in the Breast of his choice † Servants seals,
That Wicked Men, by Heav'ns severe Decree,
Are spar'd, to fill up their Iniquity.

* *Eccles* 9 1, 2. † *Psal* 25 14.

Which

Which done, their ſeeming Joys ſhall end with Speed,
And real Sorrows in their Place ſucceed.
Their Wealth is in a Moment gone, and now
Begins a Tragick Scene of endleſs Woe.
But Pious Souls by Suff'rings are prepar'd
For future Happineſs, a rich Reward.
Affliction is the * Fire, wherein their Mind
From Sin, and droſſy Mixtures is refin'd.
That in their Father's Kingdom they may ſhine
(Like Angels) all Immortal and Divine.

O that my Words were Printed in a Book,
Or deep engraven on the ſolid Rock:
That they might ſtand for ever firm, and be
The Witneſs of my Faith to late Poſterity!
For I believe, and ſurely know, that my
Redeemer lives, and reigns above the Sky;
To Him all Pow'r belongs, and he will ſave
My Soul, and raiſe my Body from the Grave.
Altho' my Fleſh, now pain'd with Sickneſs, muſt
Hereafter fall, and crumble into Duſt;
Altho' my Skin, now ſpread with Sores, muſt feed
The hungry Worms, that in dark Charnels breed,

*Eccluſ. 2 5.

Yet at the Latter Day I shall arise,
And meet my * GOD descending from the Skies.
These Eyes, which now continual Floods of Tears
Consume, and frustrate Expectation wears:
These very Eyes shall see my deareſt *Lord*,
The Joy of Heav'n and Earth, who by his Word
Made Both, all Fair and Good, and will restore
Their Beauty, faded now, and make them more
Compleatly Bright and Lovely, than before.
Health, Peace, and Pleasure I shall taſt again,
Though now my Reins be rack'd with dismal Pain,
And when this weeping † Seed-time once is paſt,
A joyful Harveſt shall succeed at laſt.

He spake. But so the Combat did not ceaſe,
Nor the good Man obtain desired Peace.
Much was disputed yet on either Side,
Much was objected, and as much reply'd.
They urge, He answers, They rejoyn, and He
By Reason's Force refutes their Sophistry,
Till Satan, conscious nothing could prevail
To make the patient Hero curse and rail

* 1 *Thess.* 4. 16. † *Psal.* 126. 5, 6. Against

Againſt his GOD, with Shame and Anger fled,
And in the burning Lake plung'd deep his deſp'rate Head,
He gone, who fill'd their Breaſts, the Sages ſtraight
Lay down their Arms, and with Attention wait,
While GOD-like Job thus clos'd the long Debate.

Thoſe joyful Days, oh! that I could recall,
When with GOD's Favour, like a mighty Wall,
Encompaſs'd ſafe I dwelt, when round my Head
A glorious Light, by his Command, was ſpread,
To guide my Steps, and keep me free from Strife,
And all the Troubles of uncertain Life!
When GOD was preſent ſtill to give me Aid,
And round about me all my Children play'd,
When mighty Woods of Corn the thankful Soil
Produc'd, rewarding well the Ploughman's Toil,
When from the flinty Rock did freely ſtream
Floods of ſoft Oyl, and Brooks of taſtful Cream!
Thrice happy Days, farewel.

When to the Court I paſs'd in Princely State,
And in the Hall of Judgment took my Seat,

Such dazling Majesty and Grace Divine
Did in my Face and grave Deportment shine,
As fill'd th' Assembly with an awful Dread;
The Youth no sooner saw me, but they fled.
The Elders 'rose, and reverently bow'd,
And in my Presence all uncover'd stood.
A Sacred Silence seiz'd the Place, and none
Would interpose a Word, till I had done.
The Princes held their Peace, and only gaz'd,
The Nobles, dumb as Statues, stood amaz'd:
When Sentence I pronounc'd, they waited by,
And prais'd my Wisdom and Integrity.

For when the injur'd Poor for Justice cry'd,
And Fatherless, who had no Help beside,
I stood up boldly to defend their Cause,
And sav'd them from the proud Oppressor's Claws.
Vast Numbers from the Pit my Hand did raise,
Rewarded with loud Pray'rs and grateful Praise.
I made the mournful Widow's Heart rejoice,
And sing my Virtues with a chearful Voice.
I put on Justice, and it cloath'd me round,
And stood with Truth, as with a Girdle, bound:

These Ornaments, I thought, became me more
Than did my Purple, and the Crown I wore.
My Feet I to the Lame did lend, and they
That wanted Eyes had Mine, to guide their Way.
I was a Father to the Poor, and he
Justice and Mercy found at once from me.
His Cause I undertook, and if some Doubt
Arose, I labour'd till I found it out.
When wicked Men devour'd the Poor, their Jaws
I broke, and pluck'd the Prey from out their Paws.
Their Course I stop'd, and made them to restore
What they by Fraud or Force had got before.
Such worthy Deeds to Good Men much Endear'd
My Name, and they that did not Love me, Fear'd.

With Peace and Plenty, Love and Glory blest
I thought my self so certainly possest
Of Happiness, it could not slip away.
But must perforce, without inviting stay.
After a long and pleasant Life, I thought
I should with Honour to the Grave be brought.

For as a Tree, by some fair River's side
Thrives, and extends its goodly Branches wide;

Its

Its Root the Water ſucks, its tender Boughs
Lie ſafe all Night beneath indulgent Dews.
So did I live and proſper; ſo Divine
And gentle Bleſſings did about me ſhine.

The Farmer longs not for mild Showers of Rain,
To ſprout his Seed, or plump his rip'ning Grain,
So much as Men did for my Friendſhip thirſt,
And thought them happieſt, whom I favour'd firſt.
My Will was theirs. They pay'd a ſacred Awe
To all I ſpoke, and took it for a Law.
Great Kings, whom Hoſts and armed Troops obey,
Command not with ſo abſolute a Sway.
Theſe high Prerogatives I long enjoy'd,
And for the Publick Welfare all employ'd.
And, like the Sun, a gen'ral Influence
To all around I freely did diſpence.
Comforts I caſt abroad, and they that ſad
Into my Preſence came, went thence reviv'd and glad.

But now the Caſe is alter'd: Now in me
A ſad and lamentable Change you ſee.
My Light is faded now, and I'm become
The Scorn of Boys, and all the vulgar Scum;

Baſe Sons of Earth, a vile and hateful Stock,
Scarce equal to the Dogs that kept my Flock.
Vain uſeleſs Fellows, void of Strength and Wit;
Neither for Buſ'neſs, nor for Labour fit.
Condemn'd to beg their Bread, or elſe to eat
Dry Roots and Mallow-tops, inſtead of Meat.
In Deſert Lands they lurk'd alone, and took
Their Lodging in ſome Cave, or hollow Rock.
From Cities driv'n, they wandred up and down,
And underneath the Buſhes made their moan.
Whene'er th' appear'd, Men ſhouted out, as if
Some Monſter they had ſeen, or ſeiz'd a Thief.
But now they boldly leave their Dens, and meet
In ſawcy Crowds, and fill the open Street.
They laugh and jeer aloud, and mournful Jobs
Is made the By-word of th' inſulting *Mob*.
My Sorrows are their Mirth: They ſport with me,
And make lewd Ballads of my Miſery.
They treat me with Contempt, and vile Diſgrace,
And fling their filthy Spittle in my Face.

GOD hath withdrawn his Favour from my Houſe,
And let this Rout of lawleſs Villains looſe,

To

To triumph in my Fall, and vex me more
Than all the Troubles I sustain'd before.
The Children rise, and push away my Feet,
And tread me down, like Mortar, in the Street.
My weary Bones with Pain and Anguish ake,
And wild Distractions keep me still awake.
All Joy and Comfort is for ever gone,
And last Year's Clouds may be recall'd as soon.

Thus ruin'd, thus forsaken, I complain
And cry to Thee, O GOD; but cry in vain.
Thou wilt not hear my Voice, but dost oppose
Thy self against me, and support my Foes.
Thou didst exalt me once on high; but now
Thy cruel Hand is turn'd, and lays me low.
Come, gentle Death; but Thee, no Friend I have,
No Hope of Ease, no Refuge, but the Grave.
From Pain and Trouble, from Contempt and Grief
That Sanctuary will afford Relief.
So far his Wrath will not extend: But there
Free from the present Sense, and future Fear
Of Evil I shall rest. For though the Gate
Of Death be terrible, and sadly straight,

In

In th' inner Rooms mild Peace and Safety dwell,
And when I thither come, I ſhall be well.

I ever bore a ſoft and tender Mind,
And ſhew'd that Mercy which I cannot find.
Sad Objects I could ne'er behold, but from
My melting Eyes a Flood of Tears would come.
And am I thus requited? Am I now
The only Man, to whom no Pity's due?
My Morning-Sun aroſe ſo Bright and Gay,
I promis'd to my ſelf a long and happy Day:
But envious Clouds have ſoon o'ercaſt my Light,
And chang'd my Day into a Stormy Night.
Thus like a mournful Owl my Days I ſpend,
And bitter Sobs my dying Heart-ſtrings rend:
Or like ſome Dragon, whom the Paſſers by
Eſpying ſtart, and from the Monſter fly.
My Songs are turn'd to Sighs; my Muſick's dumb,
And diſmal howling Notes ſupply its Room.

Yet ſtill my Righteouſneſs I muſt maintain,
And vindicate my Honour from the Stain
You caſt upon't: For ev'ry Senſe of mine
Stands bound, by Cov'nant, to the Law Divine.

Upon mine Eyes a strict Command I've laid,
Lest by those busy Wanderers betray'd
I should be tempted to deceive a Maid.
For well I know there's One above, whose Eye
Does all our Faults, however secret, spy.
He numbers all my Steps, nor can my Feet
To wicked ways decline but he will see't.
Unknown to Men much Lewdness may be wrought:
From Him we cannot hide a single Thought.
O dismal Portion! sad Reward of those
Who, drunk with Lust's enchanting Philtres, choose
Short Pleasures first, and then Eternal Woes.

If e'er I broke my Faith, or by Deceit
And guileful Projects did my Neighbour cheat;
Let GOD, who knows my Heart, my Actions weigh
In equal Scales; let Him my Life survey.
I dare appeal to his all-seeing Eye
To search and witness mine Integrity.

If Fear, or Favour, ever could divert
My Soul from Rules of Justice; if my Heart
Have hanker'd after Bribes; or if a Stain
Have cleaved to my Soul by wrongful Gain,

Then let me ſow, and let another eat,
And, while I ſtarve, be pamper'd with my Meat.

If, by unchaſt Affections lewdly ſway'd,
My Neighbour's Honour I did e'er invade,
If e'er by me his Door beſieg'd has been
To wrong his Bed, or tempt his Wife to Sin;
Then let my Wife revenge the vile Diſgrace,
And fill a Stranger's Arms, before my Face.
Let her prove falſe, and be another's Spouſe,
And with a ſpurious Brood defile my Houſe.
For this I ever thought an heinous Deed,
'Gainſt which the Publick Juſtice ſhould proceed.
Or, if all Courts the rampant Vice out-braves,
And they that ſhould revenge it, prove its Slaves,
Yet Wrath Divine will on th' Adult'rer ſeize,
Conſume his Fleſh, and waſt his whole Encreaſe.
Luſt is a Flame, which, kindled in a Town,
Brings hotter † Flames from Heav'n to burn it down.

If, like a Tyrant, o'er my Slaves I reign'd,
And would not hear their Voice when they com-plain'd,
Let GOD, my Maſter, turn away his Ear,
And, when I make my Pray'rs, refuſe to hear:

† *Gen.* 19 24.

For tho' these helpless Creatures Men despise,
They have a Friend and Patron in the Skies;
Who will redress their Wrongs, and for their Sake
On their imperious Lords just Vengeance take.
He made us both, and stands engag'd to be
As well to them a Father, as to me.
From the same Stock we both derive our Birth;
Our Souls from GOD, our Bodies from the Earth.
The same Respect from Him all Persons have,
The Poor and Rich, the Master and the Slave.

If I have made the Poor to wait in vain,
Or caus'd the helpless Widow to complain;
If by my self my Dainties I have eat,
And fed not hungry Orphans with my Meat;
If naked, starving Wretches, with my Fleece
Made warm and glad, did not my Bounty bless;
If by strong Arm I have oppressed those,
Whose Weakness made them fearful to oppose;
Let that presumptuous Arm, in Pieces broke,
Fall from my Shoulder, by a mighty Stroke.
For well I know, that injur'd Innocence,
Tho' here despis'd, in Heav'n has a Defence,
To punish such outragious Insolence.

If I have put my Truſt in Gold, or ſaid
To Silver, Thou art my Defence and Aid;
If I rejoyc'd, becauſe my Wealth was great,
Or fooliſh Love on doubtful Riches ſet;
If when I ſaw the Sun or Moon ariſe,
And walk in Brightneſs thro' the lofty Skies,
I have ador'd thoſe glorious Lights, or giv'n
Religious Worſhip to the Hoſt of Heav'n;
Let GOD, thus rivall'd, thus affronted, riſe,
And this Contempt in jealous Wrath chaſtiſe.

If I rejoyc'd my Foes undone to ſee,
Or baſely triumph'd in their Miſery;
If Strangers did not always prove me kind,
And in my Houſe, a court'ous Harbour find;
Let me a Lodging want, and fall beneath
The ſcornful Spight of thoſe that wiſh my Death.

If I have ſtudy'd to diſguiſe my Heart,
And ſet my Praiſes off with Flow'rs of Art;
Or if (like *Adam*) I conceal'd my Sin,
And with ſlight Fig-Leaves hid my naked Skin;
Then let my Mouth be ſtopt for evermore,
And let my Foot ne'er ſtir from out the Door.

Oh!

Oh! that the ſolemn Truths I now declare
By ſome impartial Judge examin'd were!
That GOD himſelf would pleaſe to interpoſe
And judge between me and my cruel Foes!
That in his Court a Bill might be produc'd
Of all the Crimes, whereof I ſtand accus'd!
I'd not decline the Charge, but boldly ſtand,
And anſwer ev'ry thing they could demand.
With Princely Freedom I would open lay
My Life, and ask them what they had to ſay.
And, truſting to the Goodneſs of my Cauſe,
I would not doubt to merit loud Applauſe.

For if my Land complain, if any Spot
Of all my vaſt Eſtate, unjuſtly got,
Cry out againſt me; if a Furrow may
Be claim'd, for which I did not fully pay;
Let all my Labours prove in vain, and let
A Crop of Thiſtles grow inſtead of Wheat:
And, when with Barley I have ſown my Field,
Wild Oats, and hateful Cockle let it yield.

So Job concluded his Defence, and they
Reply'd no more, finding no more to ſay.

THE

THE History of Job:

A Sacred POEM.

The Fifth BOOK.

ELIHU all this while attentive sate,
And with much Patience heard the long Debate.
A Youth of wond'rous Parts and pregnant Wit,
And with deep Judgment blest to manage it.
Great without Pride, Wise without Self-conceit,
And crown'd (to make his Character compleat)
With humblest Modesty. Full well he knew
What Defrence to his Elders rested due.
He would not interrupt them, nor his own
Opinion once unfold, till they had done.

Offence

Offence at Jos and all his Friends, he took,
Th' important Caſe he ſaw they all miſtook.
And much his active Mind did long to be
A Sharer in the noble Strife: Yet he
Repreſt his eager Spir't, till they gave o'er,
Nor ſpoke a Word, till they would ſpeak no more.
Then up he 'roſe, and with a graceful Air,
And el'quent Tongue, did thus his Senſe declare.

Thus long I judg'd my ſelf more fit to Hear
Than Speak, employing not my Tongue, but Ear.
Thus long my Youth I thought no Match t' engage
Your grave Experience, and maturer Age;
Which in the Chair ſhould ſit, and thence beſtow
Inſtructive Light on us, who ſtand below.
But Wiſdom does not ſtill on hoary Hairs
Attend, nor ſtay the ſlow Advance of Years.
'Tis Heav'n's free Gift, which ſometimes is deny'd
To Men of Age, and by the Young enjoy'd.
Diſdain not then to hear, nor let my Youth
Be diſregarded, while I ſpeak the Truth.

'Twas but a raſh Attempt, and does not ſuit
Your Honour, nor the Laws of juſt Diſpute,

For

For Men of Years and Wiſdom to pretend
With Crimes of deepeſt Die to charge your Friend,
To cenſure his whole Life, and on it caſt
Opprobrious Words, and nothing prove at laſt.
This Way will ne'er reclaim him to a Senſe
Of his Miſdeeds, nor ſhake that Confidence
Wherein he triumphs ſtill, and vainly prides
Himſelf, and all your Arguments derides.
Your Path I'll leave, and take another Courſe
To humble him, and bring him to Remorſe.
Your Folly has incens'd me ſo, that I
Muſt either freely ſpeak my Mind, or die.
As cloſe-ſtop'd Veſſels fill'd with working Wine,
The ſtrong, impriſon'd Spirit can't confine;
But with inteſtine Strife and Tumult ſpent,
It frets and labours, till it force a Vent:
So is my Breaſt in Pain, till it diſcharge
Th' uneaſy Load, and ſet my Thoughts at large.
I muſt, and that with Freedom ſpeak: The Laws
Of Juſtice bid me to reſpect the Cauſe,
And not your Perſons. My unpractis'd Mouth
Ne'er learnt the Art to complement and ſooth:
An honeſt Bluntneſs beſt becomes the Truth.

Vain flatt'ring Titles I abhor; for He
That knows my Heart the Fraud will quickly see,
And strike me dead for vile Hypocrisy.

Then hear me, Job, I stand prepar'd to speak,
If thou be ready good Advice to take.
Lo! in GOD's Stead, to whom thou hast appear'd
So oft, I stand, and furnish'd am to yield
In his Behalf an Answer. I am made
Of Flesh, like Thee: Thou needst not be afraid.
I bear no dreadful Majesty, thy Tongue
To over-awe, nor Pow'r to do thee wrong.

Nor do I blame thy former Life, whose bright
And shining Virtues did attract our Sight,
And fill'd our Breasts with Wonder and Delight.
But what I heard, I'll speak. "I'm free from Sin,
"Thou oft hast said, my Life is pure and clean,
"My Actions have been spotless all, nor can
"Be charg'd with any Crime 'gainst GOD, or Man.
Such lofty Language looks as it defy'd
Thy Maker, and his Attributes deny'd.
His Justice thou hast challeng'd, as if He
Could shew no Cause for thus afflicting thee.

Behold!

Behold! in this thou dost offend, nor may
Such monstrous Pride pass unreprov'd away.
For GOD is higher much than Thou, nor must
Comparison be made 'twixt Him, and mortal Dust.
With Him 'tis desp'rate Madness to contend,
And tax those Ways, we cannot comprehend.
Oblig'd to none, His Pleasure is His Rule,
And what He will, He does without Controul.
His Actions, like Himself, are wise and free,
Bound up by nothing, but his own Decree.
His Judgments are a Deep, thro which to wade,
Our shallow Reason ought to be afraid.
Angels themselves stand trembling on the Brink,
And swiftly from th' amazing Prospect shrink.
They dare not, the Abyss is so profound,
Look down, for fear their turning Heads turn round.
How then dares Man, presumptuous Man, pretend
To search what does Seraphick Wit transcend?
And into those Mysterious Secrets pry,
Which are too dazling for an Angel's Eye?

What Reason, what Temptation can invite
Truth, Wisdom, Pow'r, and Goodness infinite

To break those Laws, which by his own Right Hand
Establish'd, as Himself, Eternal stand?
The little Princes of these Realms below
Sometimes oppress Good Men, and sometimes throw
Preferments on the Bad, constrain'd t' obey
The unjust Rules of weak, precarious Sway:
But 'tis not so with Heav'n's Almighty Lord,
Who fram'd and orders all things by his Word;
And, if He should his active Spir't recall,
They'd shrink away, and from their Being fall.

Consider then what lowly Rev'rence suits
Th' Almighty, and his awful Attributes.
His Justice will to ev'ry Man afford,
According to his Deeds, a full Reward.
He will not clear the Guilty, nor withdraw
His Grace from those that keep his Righteous Law.
He needs not deal unjustly to secure
His Sov'reign Right, or guard his mighty Power.
For all the World is His: He neither can
Advantage reap, nor Harm from feeble Man.

Appear these things too deep for thee to sound,
Too dark, and full of Mystery t' expound?

Be not dismay'd: But own thy want of Skill
T' unlock the Closet of thy Maker's Will.
Strive not with GOD, but quietly sit down,
And know, His Wisdom far exceeds thine own.
Let not thy proud, aspiring Thoughts presume
To press too near the high tremendous Room,
Where GOD, in Council with Himself, debates
The Sacred Laws, that govern humane Fates.

Believe me, Job, His secret Judgments lie
Remov'd beyond the Reach of mortal Eye.
But if thou wilt be searching, thou may'st find
In Nature's Book enough t' employ thy Mind.
First, let the Number of his Works be told,
Their Order then, and active Pow'rs unfold.
If here thou fail, thy want of Wisdom own,
And let sublimer Mysteries alone.

Observe the fruitful Rain, and silent Snow,
At his Command they swiftly come and go.
His Precept is their Rule, and whether sent
Abroad for Mercy, or for Punishment,
They straight obey, and execute the Word
Of their Creator, and Almighty Lord.

Some-

Sometimes they gently drop, and Plenty yield,
Sometimes with Fury they o'er-run the Field.
The Corn is laid beneath the conq'ring Flood,
The Farmer sighs, and owns the Hand of GOD.
The frighted Beasts before the Tempest fly,
And in their Dens and Coverts trembling lie.
Cold Frosts at GOD's Command, the Floods surprize,
And o'er the Rivers lay a Bridge of Ice.
Now from the South rise misty Fogs, and then
The North Wind blows, and sweeps the Air again.
Soft Dews distill upon the Ground, and in
The wat'ry Cloud his beauteous Bow is seen.
These things surpass thy Skill, nor do'st thou know
When Show'rs will fall, or whence the Wind will blow,
What Pulleys heave the Clouds above the Air,
What unseen Engines hold them hanging there,
Till o'er the Place they come, which GOD ordains
To vent with his kind, refreshing Rains.
How come thy Garments to be warm? And where
Wast thou, when first the Seasons of the Year
Were in their Order set? Did'st thou stand by,
And help Him, when He spread the spacious Sky,

In, which the Beams of Majesty Divine,
As in a Glass, by safe Reflection shine;
Which, if expos'd directly to the Eye,
Would solve the Frame of weak * Mortality?

Yet divers ways He does instruct Mankind,
And, if they would believe, reveals his Mind.
Sometimes by Dreams and Visions of the Night
Their Ear he opes, and pours in heav'nly Light.
Sometimes by Mercies He does court their Love;
Sometimes the rougher way of Judgments prove.
Sharp Sickness he inflicts, and mighty Pains,
And binds them to their Bed with heavy Chains;
Their Stomach is so weak, they loath to eat,
Nor can their Palate taste the daintiest Meat.
Their Bones stick out, their Flesh consumes away,
And Death stands by, to seize the falling Prey.
Then by his Prophets, and the sage Advice
Of learned Ministers, He makes them wise.
If warn'd by Them, the sick Man's Soul relent,
His Sins bewail, and solemnly repent,
Such mighty Force their Intercessions bear,
Such good Success still follows faithful Prayer;

* *Exod.* 33. 20.

'Twill

'Twill soon retrieve his Body from the Grave,
And his glad Soul from endless Sorrows save.
Lo! all these Ways th' Almighty does instill
Into Mens Minds the Knowledge of his Will,
That they may learn to Love and to Obey:
And more than That is Labour thrown away.

O then dispute no more, but humbly yield,
And quit, with Meekness, the litigious Field.
Confess thy Sins, that they no longer may
Avert his Sacred Face, and drive away
His Mercy from thy House: For He as soon
Can raise thy Fortunes, as He cast them down.
He does not willingly afflict, and if
Thou own his Justice, and implore Relief,
He'll soon be reconcil'd, and largely bless
Thy Years to come with Health and Happiness.

Thus did the learned Youth his Sense unfold:
Nor had Job time to answer. For, behold!
A dreadful Whirlwind on the sudden rose,
And dismal Darkness did the Place enclose.
Loud Thunders roar'd, the Earth began to quake,
And all the Pillars of the House did shake.

The Diſputants, ſurpriz'd with Sacred Fear,
Fell proſtrate down, and own'd that GOD was near.
Who came, his Honour there to vindicate,
And his own Cauſe in Perſon to debate.
Th' Almighty ſpake, and, paſſing by the reſt,
Himſelf to Job in Thunder thus addreſt.

What Man is this, that with an haughty Brow
Contemns his GOD, diſdaining to allow
My ſecret Councils to be Juſt and Wiſe,
Unleſs with him his Maker do adviſe?
That with bold Ignorance pretends to throw
Diſgrace on things too high for him to know;
And in proud Scorn of Majeſty Divine,
Compares himſelf with me, his Wit with Mine?
Come Job (for thou art He) ariſe, and ſhow
Thy ſelf a Man. Begin, and let me know
What Errors in my Conduct give Offence
'Gainſt me, thy Sov'reign, and my Providence.
But firſt, to prove thy Skill, come forth and ſtand
Prepar'd to anſwer what I now demand.

When firſt my Hand did found the ſolid Earth,
And gave to Infant Time and Motion Birth,

Then where wast thou, thou the most Wise of Men?
Did I not act without thy Counsel then?
Who drew the noble Plan, and ev'ry Part
Contriv'd with so much Beauty, so much Art?
Who fram'd the Building, and so firmly wrought
Each curious Joynt, as far surmounts thy Thought?
Who laid the Corner-Stone, and by his Pow'r
Rais'd the high Roof, & spread the spacious Floor?
The Sons of GOD on the vast Structure gaz'd,
And all the bright, Angelick Quire amaz'd
Stood by, & with loud Songs the wise Creator prais'd.

Who sunk the deep, capacious Gulph, and found
A Way to drain the Surface of the Ground?
When, like an Infant springing from the Womb,
Down from the Hills the rowling Sea did come?
The new-born Monster in my Nursing Hands
I took, and wrapt it in soft swadling Bands
Of fleecy Clouds, and when it roar'd, with Ease
I still'd its Voice, and hush'd it into Peace.
Where long before my Wisdom had design'd
Its Place to dwell, the Ocean I confin'd,

Enclos'd with Banks of Sand, and rocky Shoars
As ſure as with ſtrong Bars and brazen Doors.
Thus far, ſaid I, thus far thou may'ſt preſume;
But further I command thee not to come.
Be this thy Bound: Here let thy Waves be ſtay'd.
The Waves, tho' proud and ſtormy, ſtraight obey'd.

Can'ſt thou appoint the Sun to riſe, and make
His Journey ſhort, or longer for thy Sake?
Can'ſt thou command him to relate to thee
The Crimes his Eye, tho' loath, does daily ſee,
That thou may'ſt puniſh Sinners, and proclaim
From Eaſt to Weſt the Terror of thy Name?
Will he, at thy Requeſt, from Wicked Eyes
With-hold his chearful Beams, which they deſpiſe,
And ſince in Deeds of Darkneſs they delight,
Involve them all in one Eternal Night?

Can thy quick Sight the Sea's vaſt Fund deſcry,
And all thoſe ſecret Springs, which ſtill ſupply
The flowing Maſs? Can'ſt thou deſcend, and ſweep
The hoarded Treaſures of the wealthy Deep?
How dar'ſt thou then into my Judgments pry,
Which are an Ocean of Infinity?

Who made the first rude, undistinguish'd Heap,
Where the young Seeds of all things lay asleep;
Till, by my Voice awaken'd, ev'ry Kind
Assum'd the Form and Place that I assign'd?
Who made the gloomy Face of Nature bright,
And out of Darkness struck the beauteous Light?
Or whither does that charming Creature run
To hide her self, when Night comes stealing on?
And when the conq'ring Sun remounts the Sky,
Where do the frighted Ghosts and Shadows fly?
Alas! when this alternate Course was set,
Thou wast not born, nor had'st a Being yet;
And Day and Night each other shall succeed
No otherwise than now, when thou art dead.

Or hast thou view'd th' Almighty's Magazine,
His Armoury; where pil'd on Heaps are seen
Vast Stores of pointed Bolts, and pond'rous Hail
(Th' Artillery of Heaven) prepar'd t' assail
My stubborn Foes, whenever I arise
The sinful World in Anger to chastise?

Why should I name the Snows, and fruitful Rain,
Or rig'rous Frosts that bind the liquid Plains,

The

The ſubtle Force of Lightning, or the loud
Report of Thunder, breaking from the Cloud,
That mighty Voice of GOD, which rends the Sky,
And makes the bold Blaſphemer quake, and by
His guilty Fears confeſs a Deity.
Why ſhould I name the Stars of Heav'n, thoſe bright
And glitt'ring Troops that guide the ſilent Night,
Their Order, Beauty, Force, and Influence,
Myſterious things, and far above thy Senſe?
Deſcend awhile, and, if thou canſt, controul
My Providence, in Nature's lower School.

Canſt thou diſpatch the Lion's Prey, and feed
His hungry Whelps, when they Proviſion need?

Or when young Ravens, having nought to eat,
Complain and cry, wilt thou prepare their Meat?
Thou canſt not do't: and therefore not to thee
Do thoſe young Orphans call for Help, but Me.
Know'ſt thou the Day when the wild Goates, that climb)
The craggy Mountains, have fulfill'd their Time?

Or when the tim'rous Hind, ſeiz'd with the Throws
Of ſudden Travail, feels exceſſive Woes,

How

How at my Word from Pain she's straight releas'd,
By * Midwife-Thunder of her Burden eas'd?
With Life and Vigour fill'd, the sprightly Fawns
Grow fat, and gallop o'er the Flow'ry Lawns.
They leave their Dams, & 'mongst the sprouting Corn
Such Pasture find, they care not to return.

Observe the savage Ass, that gen'rous Beast:
Was he from Bondage by thy Hand releas'd?
He scorns to wait, nor can endure to think
Of serving for pecarious Meat and Drink.
He takes his Walks at Pleasure, and disdains
To yield his free-born Neck to slavish Reins,
To take a Rider on his Back, or bear
Th' uneasy Cumbrance of a Traveller.
The barren Deserts are his Range, where he,
Secure of Peace and Native Liberty,
Enjoys the Hardships of the loansome Place,
And nobly scorns the tame, degen'rate Race,
That basely, for a little stinted Food,
Their Freedom sell, kind Nature's chiefest Good.
Their Stripes and Burdens, and their abject Fear,
When the rude Driver's surly Voice they hear;

* *Psal.* 29. 9. He

He does in Safety, and at Diſtance ſee,
And wonders how they can ſo ſtupid be;
Then to the Mountain flies, where, far from Strife,
He taſts the Sweets of free and happy Life.

Canſt thou perſwade the Unicorn to bear
A Yoke, and be thy Servant all the Year?
In drudging for thee will he ſpend the Light,
And feed contented by thy Crib at Night?
Send him to plough; try if, at thy Command,
He'll draw the painful Harrow o'er thy Land.
He's wond'rous ſtrong, and yet thou dar'ſt not leave
Thy Labours to his Care; nor Credit give,
If he ſhould promiſe to bring home thy Corn,
And with glad Plenty fill thy ſpacious Barn.

Behold the Peacock's goodly Train! is he
For thoſe Majeſtick Plumes oblig'd to Thee?

Did'ſt thou adorn the Oſtrich with ſo bright
And gay a Form, as breeds no ſmall Delight?
Beauty without, but Folly dwells within
That Bird, the Emblem of deceitful Sin.
She leaves her Eggs upon the barren Land,
Warm'd by kind Sun-Beams brooding on the Sand.

Some-

Sometimes the Feet of weary Travellers
Strike on the Place, and cruſh them unawares;
Sometimes wild Beaſts, when from the neighb'ring Wood
In haſt they run, purſuing, or purſu'd,
The tender Shell in Pieces break, and kill
Th' abortive Young, and Life in Embrio ſpill.
Ah! cruel Mother! thus to leave the Birth
Of her own Bowels on the naked Earth!
But GOD, that gives to other Birds the Care
To ſave their young ones, has deny'd it her.
She apprehends no Danger e'er it fall,
And when it comes, is not concern'd at all.
Yet with expanded Wings ſhe runs apace,
And baffles all the Maſters of the Chaſe,
And from the ſwifteſt Courſer wins the Race.

Or, ſay, didſt thou inſpire the valiant Horſe
With matchleſs Beauty, and undaunted Force?
He ſhakes his flowing Mane, and neighs aloud;
His Voice, like Thunder, frights the ſtaring Crowd.
Canſt thou diſtract him with vain idle Fear,
As wanton Children hunt a Graſhopper?
The little Army ſhe no ſooner ſpies,
But leaves her tuneful Songs, and trembling flies.

Not

Not ſo the Horſe; who ſnores, and in his Ire
From his wide Noſtrils breaths out flaming Fire:
He tears the Ground up with his armed Feet,
And with Impatience longs the Foe to meet:
Fair Fame in bloody Battels he does court,
And honourable Danger is his Sport.
At all the frightful Shapes, that War affords,
He laughs, and boldly runs on naked Swords.
And with ambitious Courage does advance
'Gainſt the ſharp Point of the long threat'ning Lance:
Eager t' engage, he ſcarce can keep his Ground,
Nor wait, till licens'd by the Trumpet's Sound.
The Captain's thund'ring Voice with Joy he hears,
And hoſtile Shouts are Muſick to his Ears.
Then fill'd with Rage, he runs to meet the War,
Reſolv'd to ſpend his Life, or gain a Share
In thoſe bright Garlands, which, the bloody Day
With Conqueſt ended, are the Victor's Pay.

Did'ſt thou inſtruct the Hawk to ſoar upright,
And from the Clouds the little Birds to fright?
And, when ſhe feels cold Winter drawing near,
To change her Clime, and ſeek a warmer Air?

At thy Command does the swift Eagle fly,
And mount aloft to view the neighb'ring Sky?
On steep and craggy Rocks she builds her Nest,
And there in Safety leaves her Young to rest;
While she far off th' unwary Game descries,
And swiftly stoops to seize the trembling Prize:
Then to her Nest conveys the reeking Food,
And with fresh Dainties feasts her little Brood.
She spies from far the Soldiers bloody Toil,
And calls her Fellows to divide the Spoil.
In Troops they meet, and fill the warlike Plain,
Strow'd with fat Kings, and Heaps of Captains slain.
Whose tasteful Blood they suck, then haste away,
And leave to vulgar Birds the courser Prey.

How long wilt thou refuse to bow before
These strong Convictions of Almighty Power?
How long wilt thou my Providence arraign
Of blind Injustice? Wilt thou still maintain
Thy Cause to my Dishonour? He that durst
Presume so high, should solve these Problems first.

Th'Almighty spoke. And Job, whose painful Breast
With Shame and pious Horror was distrest,

A while ſtood trembling, and no Anſwer made,
At laſt he bow'd his Head, and meekly ſaid;

LORD, I am vile, I know not what to ſay.
I have offended, and for Mercy pray.
My too bold Tongue I now condemn, nor ſhall
Such Language from my Lips hereafter fall.
Once I have ſpoke, yea twice: But now no more
Will I proceed, but ſilently adore
Thy Majeſty, which I contemn'd before.

Then from the Whirlwind Heav'ns high Monarch (ſpoke
A ſecond time; and frighted Nature ſhook,
Unable to ſuſtain the mighty Word
Of her Creator, and immortal LORD.

Is then thy Courage loſt? How oft haſt thou
Challeng'd thy Maker to diſpute? And now
Wilt thou decline the Combat? Riſe and ſtand
To anſwer what I further ſhall demand.

Wilt thou ſuſpect my Care of Humankind,
Whom all the World does ſo indulgent find?
And muſt my Honour fall, that thou may'ſt raiſe
Out of its Duſt, a Temple to thy Praiſe?

Hast thou an Arm of Length and Force Divine?
Or can'st thou Thunder with a Voice like Mine?
Then deck thy Head with Majesty and Light,
And arm thy Breast with high resistless Might.
Let all that hate thee feel thy angry Rod,
Abase the Proud, and shew thy self a GOD.
Exert thy Sov'reign Pow'r, make all unjust
And haughty Sinners bow, and lick the Dust.
Blast all their Hopes, and cast their Glory down
With one grave Look, or with a single Frown.
Then will I freely grant that thou art meet
To sit with Me, a Partner on my Seat,
Then wilt thou need no Help of mine to stand,
But owe thy Safety to thy own Right Hand.

But first behold two wondrous Works of mine,
In which my Wisdom and high Grandeur shine;
Observe them well, and let them read to thee
A pious Lecture of Humility.

Behold the *Behemoth*, that famous Beast,
The Work of Hands Divine by all confest.
So vast his Bulk, so terrible his Look,
All that behold him are with Wonder struck.

Were Flesh his Meat, did he delight in Blood,
Whole Herds would scarce suffice for one Days Food:
But on green Herbs the blameless Monster feeds,
Amongst fat Oxen, in the flow'ry Meads.
Observe his Strength and Stature, Shape and Mees,
And tell me if thou hast his Equal seen.
Standing upright, like some fair Hill he shows,
And seems a moving Castle, when he goes.
Strong are his Loins, and all his Joints around
Are with strong Nerves, like twisted Cables, bound.
His swelling Veins branch out from Head to Feet,
And in his Navel, as their Center, meet.
Like solid Brass his Bones are Firm and Hard,
His Ribs to Iron-Bars may be compar'd.
'Mongst the chief Works of GOD he stands, a Sign
And visible Effect of Pow'r Divine.
Th' Almighty made him with a Word, and when
He will, can speak him into Dust again.
Mean while upon the Mountains he doth stray,
Where all the harmless Creatures round him play.
And he as fearless feeds 'mongst the Beasts of Prey.
With Drought inflam'd, down to the Floods he makes,
And there his panting Heat at leisure slakes.

He

He drinks a flowing River off with Eaſe,
Whole *Jordan* hardly can his Thirſt appeaſe.
Then underneath the Willows gloomy Shade,
Or in ſome Bow'r, with Reeds and Oſiers made,
He takes his Reſt ſecure; for no Man dares
Beſet his Lodging with Nocturnal Snares:
Or if they ſhould preſume, he'd ſoon awake,
And all their vain Attempts in Pieces break.

Obſerve another Monſter, and adore
In him the wiſe Creator's boundleſs Power.
The great Leviathan, who proudly reigns,
The Sov'reign Monarch of the liquid Plains.
Let down thy Hook, and try if thou canſt bore
His Noſtrils through, and draw him to the Shore.
Bring, if thou can'ſt, his haughty Stomach down
To render, and himſelf thy Pris'ner own.
Or make him cringe, and beg his Life of thee,
And pay a Ranſom for his Liberty.
Or, like a Sparrow with a Thred confin'd
For Childrens Play, wilt thou the Captive bind
In cruel Strings, reſtrain'd from doing Hurt,
And keep him tame to make thy Maidens Sport?

Invite thy Friends to eat him; let them all
Meet at a noble Banquet in thy Hall.
Or
But if thou rather be in Love with Gold,
He'll make thee Rich, if to the Merchant ſold.
But
Or, 'tis in vain to harbour ſuch a Thought;
He ſcorns thy weak Attempts, nor will be caught.
So firm his Neck, ſo wond'rous hard his Skin,
The ſharpeſt Darts can make no Wound therein.
Direct thy ſtrongeſt Spear againſt his Head,
'Twill fly in Pieces, like a ſlender Reed.
Who then is able in my Sight to ſtand,
Who have this dreadful Monſter at Command,
Obſequious to my Voice, and gentle to my Hand?
Who has oblig'd me firſt, and frankly laid
A Debt of Thanks upon Me to be paid?
Who gave Me ought, ſince all belongs to Me
Upon the ſolid Earth, within the moving Sea?

Who can deſcribe his goodly Parts, or tell
What Wonders in this huge Sea-Giant dwell?
His gaping Jaws are like the Gates of Death,
And in his Mouth are ſeen long Rows of frightful
Teeth.

His Scales are like a broad and burnish'd Shield,
Born by some valiant Knight into the Field.
So closely wrought, that no thin Air can steal
Between the Joynts, or break the binding Seal.
Proud of this Armour, he defies his Foes,
And boldly does his Side to their vain Rage expose.
His Neezings force a sparkling Light, and out
Of his wide Nostrils lofty Torrents spout.
His flaming Eyes are like the Morning-Ray,
That calls the Sun up, and proclaims the Day.
His fiery Breath would kindle Coals, and from
His Mouth hot Flames, as from a Furnace, come.

Fond of his Strength and Courage, he performs
Strange Wonders i' the Deep, and plays with angry (Storms.
Above the Waves he rises, to survey
The Warlike Fleets, and looks as big as They.
He rouls along; th' affrighted Sailors cry:
Their stout Hearts fail, and they expect to Die.
For well they know Resistance is but vain,
Wing'd Arrows and drawn Swords he does disdain.
At Brass and Iron Weapons he does laugh,
And values Darts and Stones, as flying Chaff.

The

The preſſing Waves from his broad ſides he ſhoves,
And thro' the Seas, a floating Iſland, moves.
Behind him ſhines a Path, and all around
The Ocean's Head with Hoarineſs is crown'd.
In all the World, thou canſt not find his Peer,
So great, ſo proud, ſo ſtout, and void of Fear.
Above the foaming Billows he does ride,
And reigns a Tyrant o'er the Sons of Pride.

Th' Almighty ſpoke. And now his Servant's Heart
Was deeply wounded with Repenting Smart.
His Eyes were open'd to diſcern his Pride,
Preſumption, Haſte, and all his Sins beſide
Then on the naked Floor he proſtrate laid
His Body down, and thus he humbly pray'd.

LORD, I ſubmit, With Meekneſs I adore
Thy Sov'reign Wiſdom, and Almighty Pow'r.
Juſtice and Truth do both to Thee belong:
And I, in ſtanding out, have done thy Patience wrong.
Thy Judgments I revere, and do approve
Thy wond'rous Goodneſs and Paternal Love:
My Folly I confeſs, and want of Senſe,
In judging raſhly of thy Providence:

Thy Truth a Mountain is, thy Love a Sea;
The First too high, too Deep the Last for me
To comprehend: And therefore now no more
Will I diſpute, but humbly fall before
Thy ſacred Feet, and there will proſtrate lie,
Till thou haſt pardon'd mine Iniquity.
Inſtruct me how to know my ſelf and Thee;
Thee to be Wiſe and Great, and vile and fooliſh me.
Much I had heard before: But now mine Eye
Hath plainly ſeen thine awful Majeſty.
LORD, I abhor my ſelf, and full of Grief,
My Sins acknowledge, and invoke Relief.
In Duſt and Aſhes I repent, and from
Thy gracious Lips implore a favourable Doom.

Thus pray'd the *Saint*. And now his gentle GOD
Was Reconcil'd, and threw away his Rod.
Firm Faith and true Repentance Heav'n command,
And humble Pray'r diſarms th' Almighty's Hand.
He could no longer Frown, no longer ſhow
An angry Face, nor Perſonate the Foe.
He now reſolves to put a joyful End
T' his Servant's Labours, and become his Friend;

And, ſince ſo well he had perform'd his Part,
To crown his Champion's Head, and chear his Heart.

But firſt Job's unkind Friends in Hand He took,
And thus to *Eliphaz* in Anger ſpoke.

Thou and thy two Companions have incur'd
My juſt Diſpleaſure, and my Fury ſtir'd.
For with fallacious Words you have abus'd
My Judgments, and unjuſtly Job accus'd;
My Servant, who amidſt that diſmal Night
Of Sorrows which ſometimes o'erwhelm'd the Light
Of Grace and Knowledge in his Soul, that he
My Wiſdom, Truth and Goodneſs ſcarce could ſee,
Has yet my Cauſe defended well, and won
More Praiſe, than Thou and both thy Friends have done.
Repent ye then, and to my Servant go,
Confeſs your raſh Offence; and take with you
Seven Bullocks, and as many ſpotleſs Rams,
To be conſum'd, and burnt in hallow'd Flames.
Him I have made my Prieſt; and for his Sake
You of my Grace and Mercy may partake.
His Sacrifice I will accept, and when
He prays for you, forgive your heinous Sin.

You have betray'd my right'ous Cause, and by
His Intercession must Escape, or Die.

He ceas'd. And *Eliphaz* submitted straight,
And with his Friends on GOD's High-Priest did wait.
Sev'n Bullocks & sev'n Rams with them they brought,
And with submissive Vows his Favour sought.

Then Job arose and sanctify'd the Ground,
Remov'd all Filth, and sprinkled Water round,
Of chosen Stones an Altar next he built,
GOD's Wrath t' appease, and expiate their Guilt,
The Offrings and the Wood in Order laid,
The *Saint* kneel'd down, and thus devoutly pray'd.

Almighty GOD, who dost thy Wrath restrain,
And giv'st us less than we deserve of Pain.
Whose Judgments are a deep Abyss, and must,
Tho' sometimes dark, be still acknowledg'd Just,
We've greatly sinn'd, and if Thou should'st proceed
In Chastisement, we must approve thy Deed.
We do not hide our Errors, but confess
We all have done exceedingly amiss.
We thought Thee like our selves, and measur'd thine
Unbyass'd Goodness by our crooked Line.

Pardon

Pardon my Friends, O LORD, and pardon me,
Who grieve and blush to have offended Thee.
Return, O LORD, return, and Pity take
On us, thy Servants, for thy Mercy's Sake.

Scarce had he finish'd, when behold from Heav'n,
A certain Sign of kind Acceptance giv'n.
The Sky grew clear; there shone a perfect Day,
And Light Divine chas'd all their Fears away.
A glorious Flame, bright as the Morning-Star,
From Heav'n's high Court came sliding swiftly down,
From Heav'n it swiftly came, and in their Sight
Upon the sacred Altar did alight,
The Victims it consum'd, and to the Skies
The hallow'd Smoke in curling Clouds did rise.
A sweet Perfume the well-pleas'd GOD-head smelt,
And tender Pity did his Bowels melt.
And, lo! His sacred Voice was heard aloft,
Not dreadful as before, but kind and soft.
As, when in After-times high Heav'n decreed
To save lost Mankind, by the promis'd Seed,
On * *Jorden*'s flow'ry Banks the Son of GOD
Was Own'd, Commended, and Proclaim'd aloud:

* *Mat.* 3. 17.

Such

Such was the Voice, and ſo Divinely ſweet,
And thus it did GOD's faithful Servant greet.

Thy Off'ring I accept; thy Pray'rs are heard,
And theſe thy Friends, at thy Requeſt, are ſpar'd.

But Thou, O wond'rous Man, of GOD belov'd,
And in the Day of Trial found approv'd!
Thy Combat's paſt: Thy Triumph yet remains,
And ſhall for ever. So high Heav'n ordains.
Thy Suff'rings and thy Wants ſhall end with Speed,
And Health and Plenty in their Place ſucceed.
Thy Loſs ſhall be repair'd, and all thy Store
Shall double be to what it was before.
Thy Subſtance ſhall abound, and I will bleſs
Thy Labours with miraculous Encreaſe.
All they that wond'red at thy loſt Eſtate,
Shall wonder more to ſee thy happy Fate.
Thy Kindred and deſerting Friends ſhall hear
The joyful Change, and, preſt with conſcious Fear,
Shall to thy Houſe with Complements reſort,
And by rich Preſents thy loſt Favour court.

Sev'n goodly Sons thou ſhalt beget, and three
Illuſtrious Daughters ſhall be born to Thee.

Whoſe

Whose charming Beauty shall surpass the best
And fairest Ladies, that adorn the East.
These, with their Brothers, thou shalt high advance
And 'mongst them share thy vast Inheritance.
Succeeding Ages shall exalt thy Name,
And future Prophets sing thy lasting Fame.
Full sev'nscore Summers thou shalt live, and see
Thy Children's Children, and their Progeny,
A num'rous, and well-govern'd Family.
And when thy glorious Course at last is run,
A peaceful Death thy pious Life shall crown.
Well satisfy'd thou shalt from hence retreat,
To a more blessed and eternal Seat.
GOD spoke. And true each Word his Servant found,
Nor fell one Tittle frustrate to the Ground.

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